



*Library of the Theological Seminary.*

PRINCETON, N. J.

Collection of Puritan Literature.

*Division* .....

RL

*Section* .....

*Number* .....

SCB

10938











T H E

# Virgins Pattern:

I N T H E

Exemplary Life, and lamented Death

O F Mrs.

SUSANNA PERWICH,

Daughter of Mr.

ROBERT PERWICH;

Who departed this Life, every way a rarely accomplished Virgin, in the flower of her Age, at her Father's House in *Hackney*, near *London*, in the County of *Middlesex*, July 3. 1661.

Published at the earnest request of divers that knew her well, for the use and benefit of others.

By *John Batchiler*, a neer Relation, that occasionally hath had an intimate converse in the Family with her, more or less, the greatest part of her Life.

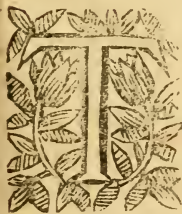
*London* Printed by *Simon Dover*, and are to be sold at his House, in *Martins*, near *Aldersgate*, and at Book-sellers shops, 1661.





To all the young *Ladies* and *Gentle-*  
*women*, of the several *Schools*, in  
and about the *City of London*,  
or elsewhere; more *particu-*  
*larly* to those of *Mrs. Per-*  
*wich* her *School* at  
*Hackney*.

Sweet *Ladies* and *Gentle-women*;



*THE* reason why this en-  
suing Relation (*wor-*  
*thy* of all future *mc-*  
*mory*) is chiefly *pre-*  
*sented* unto you, is the  
equity and congruity

thereof; together with that particular  
right, by which you, of all others, seem  
to lay claim to it. The Person here  
spoken of, was bred up in the same *Fa-*  
*mily* with you, and among you, a daily  
object before you, and a lively exam-  
ple,

## The Epistle

ple to as many of you as had wisdom to take notice and make use of it. The manifold Excellencies that shined in her, whether natural, acquired, or infused, are not unknown to you. Whatever was ornamental to body or mind, from nature, breeding, or grace it self, she had as much of it, yea, more (all circumstances considered) than any that I have heard or read of. Indeed some there were of those eight hundred that have been educated in her Father's house within the compass of her time, that did out-do the rest in their respective seasons, some in one quality, some in another, according to their different capacities, and the pains they took, or the time they spent, more or less, in the School: but not any one that came near to her in one half of those endowments and rare abilities (without offence be it spoken) that She had attained unto, as will appear abundantly in the ensuing Narration thereof. For if that be true which Mr. Rogers, Mr.  
Eing,

## Dedicatory.

Bing, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Brian, Mr. Hazard, and the rest of the Masters of the School, have often said in respect of the several qualities she learned of them; that (to use their own words) they knew not where she hath left her fellow in the world: when all her other excellencies are considered also, in conjunction with them, it must needs be then much more true. That is a rich Jewel which is made up of all manner of precious stones; and that a sweet Nose-gay that hath all sorts of fragrant flowers in it; even such lustres and pleasant mixtures were conspicuous in Her, to every unprejudiced and impartial eye. Indeed it was her hap to be less known to, and less loved by some, than others; whether it were out of a secret envy at her eminent worth, by which she outshined them, or from too severe a censure of that in her, which even in themselves (because of higher rank in the world) they did easily allow, I know not. But this I can and do affirm, with

## The Epistle

truth concerning her, that when she was told above a year before her death, that certain persons (not here to be named) who wished her well, were jealous of her, lest she were puffed up with pride, and the love of vanity; the only answer she made, was, 'That whatever they thought of her, she honoured them for the grace of Christ she believed was in them, and that she hoped God would enable her to make a good use of this their fear of her, for the better observing of her own heart, and the keeping it the more humble.

Among those inducements that occasioned the publishing of this, some of the chief are these which follow.

First, to refute the opinion of such as greatly blame the education of publick Schools, as if they were places of all other, most dangerous to corrupt the manners of youth: Behold here a great instance to the contrary, besides many others that might be named of the very same School, there having been al-  
ways



## Dedicatory.

*wayes some as virtuous and religious young Gentlerwomen brought up there, as in any private Family whatsoever. Nor is it difficult to go to the severall Cities and Counties of this Kingdom, and find out the Houses in which many of them are surviving, beautiful Ornaments of the places where they live, eie as ther Virgins, Wives, or Matrons.*

*Secondly, to give a proof of the restlesnets of a Soul once touched with Divine Love; for let it be where it will, though cumbered with never so much business, and called off with never so many divertisements, yet early or late, at one time or another, it will have its opportunities of converse with God, and will not be hindered, but rather lose both meat and sleep, than such opportunities as these.*

*Thirdly, to let all men see that there is something in that which we call Grace, which in the midst of all the most enticing vanities, and blandishments of the world, can and doth ravish*

## The Epistle

*the heart more then all these ever did or could do. Here was a young Gentlewoman in the flower of her Age, compassed about with all manner of delights and entertainments, that a carnal mind could desire, and yet what dead things were they to her, and she to them! how were they mutually crucified each to other, when once her nature was renewed, and she felt the sweetness of the change! how was an entire Communion with God, even an Heaven upon Earth unto her! Holiness (let prophane scoffers and wretched Atheists say what they will of it) hath something in it more lovely than all the Beauties in the world; something more sweet than all the Musicks in the world; something more delicious than all the Pleasures in the world.*

*Fourthly and lastly, to set a rare Pattern and Example to all that shall happen to hear or read of this Relation; and indeed this is none of the least inducements, because it pleased the Lord*  
*that*

## Dedicatory.

*that divers, who are now living, are able and ready to witness and acknowledge, that her Example, while they were in the Family with her, did not only convince them of their own neglect of the duties which she constantly practised betwixt God and her own soul, and smote their consciences for it; but did so far work upon them, as to cause them to do the like ever since. It may therefore be reasonably hoped, that God may bless the same Example unto others, though she be dead; and were it not for such an end as this, how vain would the publication hereof be? Can it any way availe her now she is gone? surely nothing less; let none therefore be so uncharitable as to think, that the Author hereof can propound any other end therein, but such as is already mentioned. He hopes he hath better learned Christ; nor yet that what is here related is more out of favour or affection than otherwise. Those that please to enquire, will find witnesses enough to assert the whole*

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*whole truth of the premises ; and therefore notwithstanding the unkind censures of any, out of a desire of serving Christ, and the good of precious souls, he can appeal to God, he hath done this, and accordingly makes it his earnest Prayer for a blessing on it: who to shew his resolution to own & make good whatever is here said, subscribes his Name,*

John Batchiler.

---

TO

---

## To the R E A D E R.

Courteous Reader,

**I**F it be asked why any part of the above-mentioned Relation is *repeated* in Verse, it is for the sake of such as *affect Poetry*, rather than Prose; but in case those that read the *Prose* avoid the Verses, as containing part of the *same matter*, let them also please to take notice, that *divers things* are *interspersed* in Verse, that they *find not* in the Prose, and that at least *one half* of the Verses, *viz.* from the 50. Section to the end, is *all new matter*, and I hope such as will not be *altogether unprofitable* to the *ingenuous honest-hearted* Reader.

J. B.

The

# THE NEW YORK

OF THE CITY

The history of the city of New York, from its first settlement by the Dutch, in 1624, to the present time, is a subject of great interest and importance. It is a subject which has attracted the attention of many of the most distinguished writers of the age, and which has been the subject of many of the most valuable works of history and geography. The history of the city of New York is a subject which is of great interest and importance to all who are interested in the history of the United States, and who wish to know the origin and growth of this great city.

THE NEW YORK

OF THE CITY



*The exemplary Life, and lamented Death of Mistris Sufanna Perwich, Daughter of Robert Perwich, of Hackney, in the County of Middlesex, Gent. who dyed a rarely accomplish'd Virgin, at one of the clock in the afternoon, on Wednesday, the 3. of July, 1661. in the 25. year of her Age.*



HE was born upon the 23. day of Sept. in the year of our Lord, 1636. in the Parish of Aldermanbury, London; where, having by the care and cost of her Parents been sent to School to learn to read as soon as capable thereof; this was remarkable in her at that tender age, that she pregnancy would needs learn by hearing and observing while a child.

ving



2 *The exemplary Life, and lamented*

ving others rather than by the teaching of her *Mistris*, taking a *delight* it seems to get her learning altogether by her *own* industry; yea, so *impatient* she was of being instructed by any, that she would altogether *refuse* their help, and yet *rested* not till she had attained to an *ability* of reading Scripture, full as well and as *distinctly*, as any of her *elder* Sisters; an argument of such *Pregnancy* and *Ingenuity*, as is not ordinary in *young* children.

When she was *seven* years and a half old, her Father removing his dwelling to his School at *Hackney*, where *now* he lives; She among the rest of his Children, had the advantage of a *choice* breeding there, and in *short* time made no *small* Progress in it, especially in the *grounds* of Musick; for at *fourteen* years and a half old, She was able to *play* in *Consort*, at the *first* sight upon the *treble Viol*, and this with so *much* skill, ease, and *sweetness*, that She gave no ordinary hopes of proving a *very* rare Musician. Indeed such an *harmonious* soul She had, and a genius so *excceding* tractable to *all* sorts of Musick, that one of her Masters (Mr. *Ives* by name) was wont to say he could play no *new* Lesson before her, but She would have it *presently*: insomuch that not *himself* only, but *divers* others her

A most rare  
Musician, &  
plays at sight  
on the Tre-  
ble Viol at  
14. years &  
a half old.

Took her  
Musick as it  
were natu-  
rally.



her Instructors in that Art, were not a little proud of her.

The first that grounded her in the notes of Musick, and enabled her to play so excellently on the *treble Viol*, was Mr. Thomas Flood, who falling sick, and continuing so a long time, it occasioned her Father to make choice of a new Master (Mr. William Gregory by name) who being eminently skilful at the *Lyra Viol*, did very much better the making and forming of her hand, and was the first that gave her that rare delicious stroke, which afterwards became so singularly peculiar to herself. He also taught her all varieties of rare turnings. That which made her so expert, both in her own play, and in judging of others when She heard them, was her most curious ear, seldom equalled by any, the very best Masters in that Art. Divers Books She read of excellent composure, and understood them well; nor cared She for any Lessons but what were very choice; but her chief delight was in divisions upon grounds of which She had the best that England could afford.

Becomes excellent at the *Lyra Viol*.

Her principal Master at the *Viol*, for the last seven years, was Mr. Stephen Bing, a surviving witness of her admirable abilities, which in great part (to his honour be

4 *The exemplary Life, and lamented*

be it spoken) She gained from him, it being very much his *care* and *ambition*, to encourage her with the *best* grounds and *suits* of Lessons that could be gotten, and thereby bring her to the *highest* perfections attainable at the *Viol*.

When She played on *this* Instrument, though singly, as She used it, it gave the delight of a *full* Consort; but when in *Consort* with other Viols, or a *set* of *Lutes* only, or Viols and Lutes *together*, or with the *Harpsicord* or *Organ*, still her Instrument was *Queen* of all, and as if it had been touched by more than a *mortal* hand, gave so *delicious* a sound, and so *distinctly* too, that any *judicious* ear might discern it *above* the rest; insomuch that it might be truly said, look what the *racy* flavour is to the *richest* Wine; *fragrancy* to flowers; *varnish* to colours; *burnish* to gold; *sparkling* to diamonds; and *splendor* to the light; that was her ravishing stroke to all the *other* Musick; and yet (which was the *more* admirable) She sate so *steady*, and free from any the least *unhandsom* motion in her body, so *modestly* careless, and as it were *thoughtless* of what She was about, as if She had not been *concerned* at all; and all this She did, though She never spent the *tenth* part of that *time* in *private* practise, which

She plays incomparably, and yet sits as if she minded it not.

which others are wont to do; for indeed She made *better* use of her time, at other sorts of *higher* Musick, which was much *sweeter* to her, as we shall hear anon.

As her *accomplishments* at the *Viol* were *superlatively* great, so at the *Lute* also, in which Mr. *Ashberry* having done *his* part towards her, in teaching of her till he *dyed*; Mr. *John Rogers* the *rare* *Lutenist* of *And at the* our Nation, for the last *three* years, came *Lute*. after him, and added *much* more to her; professing that her skill at *this Instrument* was so *very exquisite*, and her *hand* so sweet, that he never taught *any* like her. When She played on the *Viol*, She seemed to transcend at *that Instrument* *above* all the rest, and when She played on the *Lute*, She seemed to transcend *as much* there; such a *contention*, and so pleasant, scarce was ever known from *one* and the *same Vir-*  
*gins* hand before.

Had *leisure* given leave, that She could have spared time from her *other* Instruments and employments, Mr. *Albertus Brian*, that famously *velvet* fingered *Organist*, would gladly have done the same for her, which he hath done for one of her *Sisters* yet living, in making her as *rare* at the *Harpsecord*, as She was at any of her *other* sorts of Musick; and so have paired

*Also at the  
Harpsecord.*

the two Sisters together ; one set of the choicest Lessons at *this Instrument*, at the request of the said Mr. Brian, She learned of him, and as *himself* affirms, not only attained them in a very short time, but played them as well as he himself could.

*She sings  
most sweetly.*

To this her *Instrumental Musick* we may adde her *Vocal*, no less delicious and admirable, if not more excellent ; as if her *Lungs* had been made on purpose, (as no doubt they were) by their *natural melodies* to out-do the artificial ; and here Mr. Edward Coleman, her Master, and one of greatest renown, for his rare abilities in singing, deserves no less thanks and commendations for the care and delight he took in perfecting her in this *Art* also, than any of her other Masters.

*A most cu-  
rious Dancer.*

She was an *incomparable Dancer*, as at Country, so in French dances, wherein she was so excellently curious, in her Postures, footings, and most graceful countenance, that Mr. Hazard, her last and chief instructor therein, and one of the rarest Masters of that Art in England, accounted her a *prime Flower* of the Age in that respect, and said She was as knowing therein, as any *Dancing-Master* whatever.

The Fame of all which at last grew so publick and universal, that there are few places

places in *England* but have heard thereof, yea, and many parts *beyond* the Seas too. For not onely persons of *high* rank and quality, of *all* sorts, came from *London*, the *Inns of Court*, and out of *several* Counties, to hear and judge of her abilities, especially the chiefest Musick-Masters that are now living: but many *forreigners* also, as *French, Spanish, Italian, Dutch*, as well *Agents and Embassadors*, as other *Travelers* into these parts, desired a taste of these her rare qualities, alwayes going away with *high* admiration, saying that they had now seen *one* of the *choifest* rarities of *England*, and professing they *never* heard or knew of the like in *any* of their *own* Countreys.

*Her Musick frequented by strangers from all parts not only in England, but in foreign Nations.*

All other parts of excellent *breeding* she likewise had; whatever *curious* Works at the *needle*, or otherwise can be named, which *Females* are wont to be conversant in, whether by *silver, silks, straws, glass, wax, gums*, or any other of the like kinde, she was perfectly skilled in. To say nothing of her ability at the *pen*, where, being an *accountant*, her skill was *more* than ordinary women have; and in Arts of good *housewifry*, and *Cookery*, wherein she had a good

*She had all other parts of breeding, whether in curious works or whatever else.*



share likewise; I hasten rather to the *more noble* perfections of her mind, which indeed were *very* aimable and lovely.

Her natural  
parts.

Her moral  
virtues.

For she had a *delicate* and *nimble* wit, a *quick* apprehension, a *clear* understanding, a *sound* judgement, a *fine* invention, a *te-  
nacious* memory, which (as we shall hear anon) she was not wont to stuffe with *va-  
nity*, but with what was *most worthy* to be learned and kept. And as these *natural* parts and reasonable faculties of her soul, so her *moral* virtues also were *eminent*. She was very *discreet*, *wise*, and *prudent* in her actions; not *passionate*, nor *retentive* of anger, never over merry; but *modestly* grave and composed; of a *very comely* and *hand-  
som* carriage, insomuch that *strangers* were wont to say, when she came into their *pre-  
sence*, they had not seen a *more sweet* com-  
portment, or a *more taking* person. For disposition, so *affable*, *kind*, and *courteous*, that she soon gained the *love* of all, where ever she came. Her discourse was alwayes *pertinent* and useful, not at all *loquacious*, her speech being rather *sententious*, than garrulous. These and many such like *grace-  
ful* ornaments, added unto the *comeliness* of her *person*, rendred her very *winningly*

acceptable to all that *knew* her. But that which *most* of all commends her, and justly leaves her a very *imitable* example to all that shall hear of her, and for which *principally* this present Relation is penned, is *much more* considerable than what hath been yet said: Namely, that *choice* and *precious work* of *Grace* upon her heart, which *God* was pleased to work in her, and by which all her other excellencies were *sweetly* sanctified; the *occasion* whereof was as followeth.

About *four* years since, being *disappointed* in the enjoyment of her desires in a *Match* then propounded to her, by the *sudden* death of the party that had *gained* her affection, she *wisely* considered with her self, what the *meaning* of this so *sad* a providence should be; and at last, after many *Prayers* and *tears* to *God*, that he would bless this *unexpected* stroke to her, and some way make her a *gainer* by it, her heart began to be *much broken* and *melted* towards *God*, not so much for this *temporal* loss (which she often said might have proved a *snare* to her) as at the *sight* and *sense* of *sin*, and her estate by *nature* (which (though *well* educated all her time

*Her Conversion, and the occasion of it.*

*Her brokenness of heart.*

*The exemplary Life, and lamented*

before) yet till now she had not taken much notice of.

The good work of God thus happily begun, ceased not, but went forward in her heart daily, to the joy of such near Relations as knew of it; nor could she be quiet, till she had uttered all her mind herein to them, earnestly desiring the assistance of Counsel and Prayer, that she might fully understand her condition, and not be deceived therein. Of all things, she was exceedingly urgent with God, that he would not suffer her to be mistaken herein. Indeed her fears thereof at first were many and great; the questions she put about it, not a few, but never came to be satisfied therein, till God was pleased to give her a sight of that *poysinous* fountain of original corruption, with which she found her self alwayes pestered, and so hindered in her desired progress towards Heaven, that this sin above all others she much bewailed.

*Her deep  
sense of Ori-  
ginal sin.*

And farther became so deeply sensible of the danger thereof, and the necessity of an effectual remedy against it, that she made haste to run unto Jesus Christ for help, and that not only for the pardon of this sin, but for power against it, and that continually.

*She makes  
haste to  
Christ.*

Here-



Hereupon finding her heart alwayes *burdened* with sin, full of *corrupt* motions and affections, and yet still *relieved* by *ap-  
plying* Christ, with what he had *done* and *suffered*, unto her self, and also *feeling* her desires *stirred* up by the *good Spirit* of Grace, more *eagerly* to long after God, and the *knowledge* and *enjoyment* of him; and farther perceiving, that though the *same* good Spirit *sometimes* would *melt* her heart, yet at *other times* was pleased to leave her *without those inward warmths*, which in the use of the *best* means she laboured after, but by her *own* strength could not *at-  
tain* unto: she from *thence* concluded that these *changes* which she thus felt within her, were the *effects* of some *real* and *true* work of God upon her; for *thus* she argued, how comes it to pass, that I feel these *alterations* in my self, *now* and *never* before? How is it, that *sometimes* I am *delighted* with the *inward* and *sweet* workings of the Spirit of God upon my heart? and that at *other times* I am troubled for the *want* of it? I lived under the *same* Ministry before; the *same* publick Ordinances; injoyed the *same* helps in the *Family*, and from *faithful friends* that sought my

souls *best* good, and *prayed* much for it; yet never till now could I find any of *all this experience*, from the *different workings* both of *Sin* and *Grace* in my own heart. *Sure this is of God*, said she, and can be from nothing else. Thus at *last* she came to be somewhat perswaded and *confirmed* concerning the *goodness* of her spiritual state, as one that was now *got over* the *pangs* of the new Birth, though not without many a *salt* tear, and *broken* heart.

Answerable to this *first* work, was the *rest* that followed to her *dying day*, especially within the last *two* years of her life, and somewhat more; for when it pleased God so to order it by his *permissive* providence, that one which she most dearly loved, became *guilty* of a *great* offence through a *sudden* temptation that seized on her; it went *neer* to her, and was a *great occasion* of making her *search* into her own *heart* and *wayes*, more *narrowly* than ever, and not only to *bless* God that had *kept* her from the *like*, but also to *mourn* for those *frailties* of her *youth*, which formerly she *minde*d not, though no other than what *usually* befall the very *best* that are.

Thence forward she betakes her self to  
a more

Her Religious course  
of Life.

Looks more  
narrowly in-  
to her own  
heart.

a more careful and *strict watchfulness* over her own heart; and to *close and constant* duty, not only in the Family, but most of all in *secret*, betwixt God and her own soul; insomuch that when she was sometimes *missing*, and earnestly called for, but could not be found; at last it appeared that she had often hid her self, to be *alone* with God, in the duties of *meditation* and  *fervent Prayer*.

*Is very watchful over her self, and keeps close to duty.*

One of the *first Discoveries* hereof, was upon this occasion; being *retired* into her *Closet*, and as she thought, had sufficiently *fastened* the door inwardly, one of her most intimate *Consorts*, upon an *urgent* occasion, running *hastily* in with a *violent motion*, thrust the door open, little thinking at *that time*, that *she* had been there; where she *kneeling* upon her knees, turned about to see what the matter was, the tears in the mean while, *trickling down* both her cheeks, but was *much troubled* at this interruption, and discovery of her *Devotion*.

*Her secret Communion with God, discovered against her Will.*

Indeed that was one of the matters of her *complaint*, that she wanted convenience for *retirement*, where she might *fully* vent her *Soul* to God, without disturbance

*She seeks  
the greatest  
privacy for  
her Devotion.*

*Findes much  
sweetness in  
her lonely  
walks with  
God.*

or observation ; and therefore because the house was alwayes full of company, having well nigh an *hundred*, and sometimes more of *Gentlewomen* with their attendants; and the *Servants* and *Children* of the house every where going up and down, in every Room, so that she could get no place of privacy; her manner was, in the day time, to get into the *Garden*, at such hours, when *others* might not so freely come into it, and there with her *Bible*, or some other choice Book, spent an *hour* or more in Reading, Meditation, and such ejaculations, as she could send up to *Heaven* in walking; at which seasons, she hath sometimes said to such as she was wont to tell her mind to, her heart hath been as much warmed and refreshed in converse with God, as when she hath been most affected upon her knees elsewhere.

*A diligent  
Reader of the  
Scriptures.*

Mornings and Evenings she never failed, by her good will, to read some portion of *Scripture* (if not called away by extraordinary business on a sudden) and to pour out her heart to God in private Prayer; for which, because no place in the house was so convenient, and so far from noise and sight of others, as one certain re-

*mote*

*mote room, where none usually came at those hours, therefore that place of all others* *The chief place of her retirement for holy duties.*  
 she made choice of, in the *dark Winter Evenings*, and the *Mornings* before the Family was *up*; many a time hath she visited *one corner of that Room*, which was most *retired*, with *eyes and hands lift up to Heaven*, kneeling at a *chair* with great *affection*, which though she *never knew* that any took the least *notice* of (for that would have been a *trouble* to her) yet a certain *neer relation* that often looked in at a *cranny* of the door, which she had *fastened inwardly*, and did not a little *joy* to see her *so employed*, is yet surviving as an *eye-witness* of it. Sometimes her *red eyes and blubbered face*, discovered her, *before* she could get *conveniencies to wash* them, notwithstanding that her *hood* was pulled over them. Nothing did more *abash* or *trouble* her, than when any suspected what she had been about; not out of any *shame* of Religion (for that she *owned* upon all occasions *very freely*, as well among the *Gentlewomen* in the Family, as elsewhere) *discovered in* but out of an *honest affectation* of *being* *them*. more in this sense, than she would *seem* to be.

So sweet and pleasant was her *Communion* with God in such *retirements* as these, that she said, if ever she should *change* her *condition*, it should be more for *this* reason than any other, that she might have the *full* and *free use* of her time, and other *helps* for her soul.

It was observed, that she was alwayes out of the way at *five a clock*, and appeared not till the Bell rang to *Supper*, at *six a clock*, or thereabout, which time she spent in the aforesaid Duties.

*Is much troubled for sins of omission.* If at any time she had *omitted* duty, 'twas one of her *greatest troubles* afterward, and when she sequestred her self unto duty, whether of *Meditation* or *Prayer*, she usually read *some part* of *David's Psalms* (a Book which she *greatly delighted in*) because she alwayes found *matter* there, very *proper*, *preparative* and *helpful* to her in the said Duties.

Among other *profitable* and *fruitful* *Meditations*, she was not a stranger to thoughts of *Death*, even in her *best* health; insomuch that when she heard a *passing Bell* or *knel* for any, her *custom* was to retire into a *solitude* for a good space, sometimes an hour or more, there to *affect*



fect her heart with such *considerations* as were *suitable* to the occasion.

She never was *better pleased* then when she met with any in *holy Conference* (a practice which she used (as often as she could get opportunity) that communicated *experiences* of the *same* corruptions and temptations, that she found in her *own* heart; and withal, the *same* wayes of help and relief against them.

*She loves the Communion of Christian experiences.*

When she found a *deadness* and *coldness* upon her heart, as sometimes she did, and could not get it into a *good frame* towards God, by any *means* she could use, this *inference* she made from it; that she hereby perceived her *dependance* must be *wholly* upon *Free-grace*, as for the *acceptation* of what she did, so for *assistance* and ability to do what she ought: And several times upon *this occasion* would let fall expressions of *wonderment*, how any that pretended to a *real* acquaintance with God, and carry *corrupt* hearts about them, alwayes *dogged* and *set upon* by temptations from *Satan*, and an *evil* world, could *plead* for a *power* in themselves unto any thing that is *good*.

*By the deadness of her own heart findes continual need of assisting Grace.*

*Wonders at those that plead for a power in nature.*

Her *care* for the *spiritual welfare* of her *near Relations*, and some others whom she *dearly loved*, was *very great*, and thereupon

on

*She is careful for the souls of others.*

on took occasion often to *admonish, exhort,* and *perswade* them, about the things that concerned their *eternal state*; sometimes with *tears* lamenting their danger, when they walked *loosely*; and then again *rejoycing* as much, when she perceived any ground of *hope* for them.

*Her character of true Grace.*

One time when she was asked what she thought of the *condition* of one that she was *trusted* with the special *care* of, and was wont to take some *pains* with, in the matters of her soul; she answered, the *greatest* thing she *doubted* her for, was, lest she neglected *private duties*, which she could never perceive she spent *any time* in; supposing (as there was *good reason* she should) that the driving of that *secret Trade* for Heaven, is one *inseparable* property of *true Grace*, and that the *want* thereof, together with the *ordinary* neglect of Family-duties and *publick Ordinances* (whatever the *outward Profession* might be) were *arguments* of a very ungracious and profane *heart*.

*A quick discerner of others that made profession of Religion.*

A notable spirit of *discerning* she had, for when she heard any make *semblance* of love to God, and were very confident of their *own good estate*, but withal spake very *woodenly* (as her expression was) about mat-



matters of *Religion*, and the *experiences* thereof, she much *pittyed* their case, and *prayed* earnestly, that God would *open* their eyes; convince them of their *sin* and *hypocrisie*; shew them the *evil* and *danger* of it, and *effectually* bring them home unto himself; often saying, what *pitty* it was, that any who are otherwise qualified with many *desirable good things* of nature, should *miss* of the *highest* and *best* improvement of them for God, and at last *perish themselves* for want of Grace.

When any *vain* language, or sinful expressions (such as *the abusive use of*, O Lord! or O God!) came from any of the *Gentlewomen* in the House, or any others; or any *evil* action was done by them, she would *reprove* it so *wisely*, with so *milde* and *meek* a spirit, that they were *ashamed* of it, and sometimes were *reformed* for the future, at least in her *sight* and *hearing*.

*A wise re-  
prover of sin.*

Two *principal* helps which she coveted most, and made the *greatest* use of, were good *Books* and good *Company*.

Of good *Books* she had some *store*, but those that she took *chiefest* delight in, were *The choice* Mr. *Shepards* true *Convert* and his *sound Books* she *Believer*. Mr. *Baxter's* *Call to the uncon-* read.  
*verted*. Dr. *Goodwin* his *triumph of Faith*,  
*and heart of Christ in Heaven*, toward sin-  
ners

ners upon earth. Dr. *Spurstow* upon the *Promises*. Mr. *Watson* his *Christian Character*. Mr. *Brooks* his *riches of Grace*. Mr. *Love's* works. Mr. *Craddock's* Book of *Knowledge and Practise*. Mr. *Francis Roberts* his *Key of the Bible*. Besides some *Catechetical* Books, as Mr. *Baal*, Mr. *Ensebius Paget* his questions and answers upon most of the Books of the *Old and New Testament*; some one of which she alwayes read every night in her bed, immediately before sleep, and then fed upon them at her first waking, by which means she increased much in knowledge, and kept her heart warm whilst it was thus pre-occupied from all things else in the morning.

*Her Practise every night, before she went to sleep.*

*Reades over the whole New Testament in 3. months time.*

*Full of questions from what she read.*

Since *January* last, she and two or three more, in *three months* time, read over the whole *New Testament*, and all along as they went, (still reading an whole Book at a time) discoursed of the Contents of what they had read; when any doubt arose in her readings either from Scripture or other Books, she sought for satisfaction by putting questions, and alwayes shewed a good understanding, in the very mysteries of Divine Truth, and experimental Grace; in that no answers ever relished with her, but what most agreed, both with the *Analogy of Faith*, and the common sense of the best Christians.

Her

Her next great help (as was before hinted) she found to be good Company, which she alwayes desired and sought for, and when she had it, improved it. Fruitful course she would either set on foot, or endeavour to keep up, and drunk it in as pleasantly, as thirsty men do that which best satisfieth their thirst. Among all other subjects, none pleased her better than to talk of Heaven, sometimes saying, Oh how sweet would it be to know what is doing there; and then in a kind of rapture would break out with such affection and language, as argued a very great inward Joy at the hopes of her coming thither one day. Such a full content and inward refreshment she felt in conferences of this Nature, that she would often say, her Musick was a burden to her, in comparison; and that were it not in conscience to her duty of being useful by it in so publick a Family, she would spend much less time in that, and more in this; yet she confessed sometimes (through Grace) it helped to raise her own heart towards the highest Musick of all, and for that reason practised it more than otherwise she would have done.

Her delight  
in good Com-  
pany and  
good Dis-  
course.

Her Musick  
a burden to  
her in com-  
parison.

The Spiritu-  
al use she  
makes of her  
Musick.

Upon occasion when some had been greatly taken with the melody she made, both by her voice and instrument, yet how

*A warm  
Prayer or  
heavenly  
conference  
sweetest of  
all to her.*

short (saith she) doth this come of a *warm* Prayer, or *heavenly Conference*? and indeed she found it so many a time, when her heart which hath been *heavy* and *sad* at first, hath by *such* Prayers and Conferences gone away *greatly cheered* and *revived*, but never could find the *like effects* from her *Musick* only.

*Lord's dayes  
most welcome  
to her; dan-  
cing dayes  
wearisom, are  
but these  
pleasant.*

No day of the Week unto her so *welcome* and *desirable* as the *Lord's Day*; dancing dayes were alwayes *wearisom*, but these *pleasant* to her, and therefore usually (it *much illness* hindered not) she was up more *early* on these dayes than any other, and spent *less time* in putting on what she wore; her *head* on these dayes of late years she *never drest*, and for that reason alwayes went *close* covered with her hood. She was very *diligent* and *attentive* at the publick Ordinance, carefully *writing* the Sermon, and *examining* her notes when she came home, which she would not fail to *mend* by such help as she could get, either at the *repetition* in the Family, or otherwise, and as constantly *re-enforced* all by *Prayer* for a blessing upon it, when she could get opportunity and place convenient, either in her own *closet*, or *elsewhere*, and would rather lose her *Supper* or come late to it, then *miss* of her aim herein.

*A diligent  
Writer of  
Sermons.*

*Loseth her  
meals rather  
than oppor-  
tunity for  
prayer.*

Yet

Yet here it must be remembred that it was not *alwayes thus* with her upon these dayes, nor at other times; for she sometimes complained of her own heart, and how *wearisom* these holy duties were to the *flesh*; how apt she was to be taken off by divertisements in the *Family occasions*; that many times when she came down in a morning with a *resolution* to keep her mind and intent upon God all the day, she was *frequently* disappointed therein, and still taken off by one *business* or other, or by some *temptation* unto vanity, that was ready to *surprize* her. The consideration whereof at other times much troubled her, *Is much* kept her under a sense of own her *weaknes*, comforted at and caused her sometimes to break forth *the thoughts* in these or the like words. O! how sweet of Heaven, will *Heaven* be! where there will be no in- where no in- *terruptions* by sin, or wearisomness of the *terruptions* flesh! What a *perpetual rest* will that be, *will be*. when we once come to enjoy it!

By her good will she would not be ab- By her good sent at any time when the *Lord's Supper* will never was administred, of which having always *misseth* the a *weeks warning*, she failed not with great *Lord's Sup-* care to *examine* her own heart, and put up *per-* *strong* cries to God for a *fitness* to so great a Duty, and so high a *Priviledge*; and indeed sometimes had more *fear* than ordi-



nary of her *unworthiness* to partake of it, as appeared by her *discourse*, which usually was much upon *this subject* all that Week. So *desirous* was she not to be found at that Feast, without her *wedding garment*; it was no small trouble to her sometimes to think what general *mixtures* there are in *that fellowship*, in all places throughout the Land; yet being perswaded that to such a *sincere* receiver, as could not have it otherwise, God would *come in* with his *presence* and blessing; she attended upon it in the *place* where God by his *Providence* had cast her lot.

*She much  
fears pollu-  
tion in the  
Worship of  
God.*

Sinful alterations in *publick Worship* she very much feared, and that she might the better *understand* the *pure Institutions* of Christ, and what is *contrary thereunto*, she took great care to *inform* her self therein, by reading of *such Books* as she could get the clearest light from. Much enquiry she made after the *Martyrs*, as well of *antient* times, as in later dayes, *what they suffered* for, and upon what occasion, desiring and *resolving*, if she had lived, to have read over the *history* thereof.

And because she perceived that the *Romish Religion*, and whatever else is a *kin* to it, is an undoubted piece of *Anti-christianism*, that every *true* servant of Christ ought

ought to bear *testimony* against, in *these* parts of the world, and knew not how soon *her self* with others might possibly be called to it; therefore she betook her self to the getting a good information in those *truths* that were likely to be most *opposed*, especially about the *Worship* of God. Such Books as lately came forth upon *these* subjects, she endeavoured to get, and *diligently* read. Among other subjects, that of the *reign* of Christ upon earth was very *pleasant* to her; for though her belief reached not so far as to conclude that Christ shall come to *reign* personally on earth again, yet she *rejoyced* exceedingly, that he shall certainly *reign* in *this* world by the *effusion* of his Spirit, at least, in the *hearts* of men, and that then *Antichrist* shall be *wholly* ruined, and that glorious song of triumph sung, *The Kingdoms of this world, are become the Kingdoms of the Lord and his Christ.*

And because the Book of the *Revelations* points at those times wherein these *desirable* changes shall be, she thought it not *improper* for her, (though of the *female* sex) to pry into it with humble *reverence* and *Prayer*, and therefore sat down one day with another friend, to read over that *whole Book* at one time, which accordingly

Takes pains to be instructed in Christ's Institutions, about Doctrine, Discipline and Worship.

Joyes much at the thought of Christs Kingdom upon earth.

Reades the whole Book of the Revelations at one time.



they did; beginning at the *first* Chapter, and *never ceasing* till they had read over the whole two and twenty. This she did about *three months* before her Death, and the *reason* why she did so, was, that she might take the *better* notice of the *whole Prophecy*, and have a *full prospect* thereof, as it were, all at *once*; and that which made the reading of it the more *pleasant* and *profitable* to her, was the *light* which she had gained before, in the *knowledge* of this *Book*, by twice or thrice reading over that *judicious* Comment upon it, published by *Mr. Francis Roberts* before mentioned, in his *Key of the Bible*.

*Reades an excellent Comment upon the Revelations two or three times over.*

*A great sympathizer with the suffering servants of Christ.*

She had a very *compassionate* heart towards the *suffering* servants of Christ, whether by *imprisonment* or otherwise; pit-tyed them much; spake *often* of them, sometimes with *tears* in her eyes; and *prayed* for them constantly with *great* affection.

*Visits some chaise friends in the Tower, and comforts them with Musick and discourse.*

Some of her *acquaintances*, and very *dear* friends, such as the *Lady Willowby* and some others, not here to be named (who *highly* valued her, and *desired* her *Company* (as oft as might be) she frequently visited for *several* years together, while under their restraint in the *Tower of London*; to whom after a *sweet* & more *spiritual*

*con-*

*converse* otherwise, she would *ſing* and *play* with all *alacrity* imaginable, to *comfort* them in their *ſadneſs*; accounting it an *high honour* to her, that ſhe was any way able to be a *refreshment* to thoſe that ſhe thought were *dear* to God. To *ſuch* perſons and to *ſuch* places as they were in, though the *cloſeſt* priſons, ſhe went *readily* and *joyfully*; but when invited to any *Muſick-meeting* in *London*, where the *choiſeſt* ears, and moſt *ſkilful* *Maſters* of Muſick coveted to *hear* and *admire* her, though never ſo *earnestly* deſired, ſhe was ſtill *would not be backward* to it. One time above the reſt, *prevailed* with very *great importunity* ſhe was *ſtrong-ly* ſet upon by ſome *Gentlemen* of ſpecial *Revels* or acquaintance, to be preſent at the *Revels dancing Balls*, or *dancing Balls*, but being left free to her *own choice*, whether ſhe would go or not (at which ſhe was *very glad*) ſhe *absolutely* & *irrefregably* reſuſed it, as thinking it no way *ſuitable*, either to her *Perſon* or *Profeſſion* of Religion.

Nor were the *Muſicks* aforeſaid, which ſhe ſo *freely* imparted to her ſaid *friends* in *Prison*, all the comfort they had from her, but her *Spiritual* and *Chriſtian* *converſe* alſo, was a *delight* to them, (as is before hinted) as *theirs* likewise was to her; inſomuch that when ſhe returned *home* from

*Accounts it a sweetness and glory to suffer for Christ.*

visiting them, her discourse was so raised, and her affections so quickned, that she would sometimes say, O! how brave a thing is to suffer for Christ! who would not wish to be among the souls under the Altar, that cry, how long Lord will it be, ere thou revenge our blood on them that shed it! Thus triumphing, as it were, with a kind of heroick spirit of Martyrdom before hand; further adding, that since a Death must be undergone, what better or more noble death can there be, than thus to die? Yet at other times she had as great fears upon her, saying, that if she were called to suffering, she doubted she should not hold out; only the consideration of good Company, a good cause, and especially of a good God (she said) would encourage one much.

*Yet fears her own strength if called to suffer.*

Among her other gracious qualifications, this was not the least, (especially of latter times) a very tender conscience, as might be instanced in many particulars, wherein she rested not till she received satisfaction to all doubts, from such arguments as were cleared by Scripture, and approved of by persons able to judge in the case.

*Yet rather than would offend the*

To which also must be added, that when she perceived any, especially such as she had a reverence to, remained unsatisfied in any

any of her actions, she was alwayes ready *resolves to*  
upon *knowledge* of it, from their own *deny her*  
mouths, to forbear it, out of a tenderness *self in that*  
of grieving any of the generation of the *particular.*  
*just*, or any way *scandalizing* her Professi-  
on, though as to her *own particular*, she  
at the same time did think what she was  
so desired to forbear warrantable in it  
self.

As for black spots or patches, as they are called, she *abhorred* them with her very *soul*, and was so far *displeased* at the sight thereof, that when any of the *Gentlemen* made use of them, she seldom or never left, till she had *prevailed* with them, to forbear that so *uncivil* a dress, or else desired her *Mother* to take them off from them.

As great an enemy she was to any uncomely attire ; nor did she affect rich laces, or any thing over costly, but what was most neat in a plain garb, much more minding the Ornaments of the hidden man, which in the sight of God are of greatest price.

It was a great *abashment* to her, when some unwisely uttered *high praises* of her *to her face*, and thereby put her into a *blush*; the fear whereof, made her often *modestly refuse* to come into such *Company* at other times: Indeed she knew God

*Fears the  
pride of her  
own heart.*

had *blessed* her with some of those *little things* (as she was wont to call them) which the *sensual world* magnified too much, and she desired to be very thankful for them, but withal was much *afraid* of being *lifted up with pride*, and therefore *entreated* friends in that respect to pray for her.

*A ready  
help in the  
Family.*

As she was alwayes ready to *assist* her *Mother in Law* in the *Family and School*, so she had a *particular reverence* and very *dear affection* to her *own Father*, whose *cheerfulness* and *content*, was one of the greatest pleasures she had in this world; & his *sadness* and *trouble* at any time, as great an occasion of *grief* to her; and therefore did what she could to minister all manner of *comfort* to him, by the performance of those *dutiful* and *tender* respects, which as a *child* she owed him.

*And a most  
dutiful and  
tender child  
to her Fa-  
ther.*

*She wanted  
no profers for  
marriage.*

As for her condition in respect of a *single life*, it was not for want of *profers* from several that would gladly have obtained her, but through *disatisfaction* in the *qualifications* of the Persons, she being re-

*Resolves ne-  
ver to marry  
any but such  
as may help  
her in her  
way to Hea-  
ven.*

solved (God assisting her) never to marry any, were his *worldly* advangtages never so great, unless she were well assured (as far as charity could judge) of the *goodness* of his *spiritual* state, and his likely-hood of his being a *real help* to her in the way to

Hea-



*Heaven.* Had she lived to a perfect recovery from sickness, divers considerable offers (known to some friends) would speedily have been made to her, of which she might have taken her choice; but now God hath otherwise declared his pleasure in the highest and best disposing and preferring of her, even by making her a Bride in Heaven, to him who for some years past, had gotten her heart from all other Objects; and to whom she stuck with all faithfulness, till at last after a sore fit of sickness, she dyed in his arms; the occasion whereof I now hasten to.

In *Whitsun Week*, at the earnest desire of a very dear friend, she went to *London*, where (as Providence ordered it) she was unhappily lodged in damp Linnen, which in the night time clung fast about her, and had left that in her, which she her self said (as soon as she awaked) would prove her Death; whereupon in the morning it being made known, the best means that could be, were used to prevent the danger of it, but the Lord was not pleased to give success therein; and so after three or four dayes she returned home, (upon *Saturday June the 8th.*) to her Father's House at *Hackney*, where all her mind from that time, still ran upon the thoughts of her own

*Her sickness unto Death, with the occasion of it.*

*Her mind runs altogether upon her own Death,*

*Death;*

*Prepares for it.* *Death*; the strong apprehensions whereof put her upon a great improvement of her remaining time, both in *Reading, Praying, and Discoursing*, like one that expected shortly to leave the world; for she said she felt that about, her which would carry her away quickly, and was much worse inwardly, than perhaps any one thought; and therefore exhorted one of her Sisters, whom she dearly loved, and conversed most with, to mind eternity, to think much of her change, and labour to be prepared for it; acknowledging the goodness of God to her self, who had spared her so long. After this time she grew worse and worse, till on Saturday June the 22. (14. dayes after her return home) she took her bed, in order to her ber bed in a grave; where being seized upon by a Violent Feaver, her strength was so wasted, and her spirits gone, that upon the Tuesday after at mid-night, (being June the 25.) she Three dayes was hardly able to chatter, and so sent for after sends her Father, Mother, and Sisters, to see them for all friends once more, and take a solemn leave of to take a so- them; who when they were come and fate lem leave of all weeping about her, with great lamentation, after a little space, as if strength had been renewed on purpose for that end, she began to utter her affections and desires to them about many things, wherein she expressed.



pressed her self, with so much prudence, Discourseth discretion, and composedness of mind, and excellently this for almost four hours together, with with inter- some intermissions, that it was marvellous missions for to behold; among other things she much divers hours. perswaded to the preservation and streng- thening of a love and unity among all Relations. At last as she was say- ing, that she had nothing to leave them With her Fa- in memorial of her, presently her Father ther's leave told her, he gave her free liberty, to dispose gives all she of whatever she had; at which she was had to seve- very much pleased, and thankjng of him, ral friends. distributed to every one according to her own mind; her several Rings to be worn di- stinctly, as she directed, by her Father, Mother, and Sisters; two of her Rings she put upon her fingers, and taking them off again, gave them to be kept for her two Distributes Brothers beyond Sea, as a token to them her Rings, from her dying hand; all her Clothes, her Clothes, Watch, and a certain piece of Plate mark- V Works, ed with her own Name, she gave to one Books and Sister; all her Works and Instruments of Instruments. Musick to be divided betwixt three other Sisters; her Books also she disposed of; and as a Legacy to all the Gentlemen of the School; she commended her dying desires Her Legacy and requests to them, that they would not to the Gen- spend their time in reading of vain Books, tlemen of but instead thereof, to betake themselves the School.

to the *best Book* of all, the *Bible*, and such other *choice Books*, as might do their souls most good; as also that they would be *constant* in the use of *private Prayer*; that they would be careful to *sanctifie* the *Lord's Day*, and not waste those *precious hours* in *over-curious dressings*; and that they would behave themselves *reverently* at the *publick Ordinances*, it having been a *great offence* to her formerly when any have done the contrary.

Expresseth her mind about her Funeral. Then falling into speech about her *Funeral*, in what *Room* she desired her *Herse* might stand, where she should be Buried, and other particulars about the manner of it; she desired that all might be done *decently*, and that *Dr. Spurstow*, by whose Ministry she had been *much edified* and *comforted*, might Preach at her *Interment*, in all which she submitted to her *Father's* pleasure.

Seems not afraid of Death. But that which was very *remarkable* in this her large Discourse, she shed not one tear, nor seemed at all *saddened* at her approaching Death; and when she was told that her *Father's heart* was ready to *break*, who sate *weeping* and *groaning* by her all the while; she said she was *sorry* for it, and asked *why he would do so?* adding farther, that for her part, she was in *God's hand*, and

and willing to *yield up* to him, hoping that *all friends* would endeavour to do the like; and so being now *quite spent* with speaking (for she desired not to be *interrupted*, till her whole mind was uttered) she lay still the rest of the Night.

The next Day being *Wednesday*, June the 26. Dr. *Spurstow* came to visit her, *What pro-* who asking her *what* she found in her self? *mise she re-* what she thought concerning her own spi- *lyed upon,* ritual State? as also what evidence she had *though in* of Gods Love? or Promise to rely upon? *the dark.* She answered, that she was in the *dark* as to her own *evidences*, and that they were not so clear to her as she could wish; yet that she was not *without hope*; that she had found *much sweetness* in many passages of *Scripture*; but from that chiefly (*Romans* the 8. and 28.) *All things shall work together for good, to them that love God.* After Discourse ended, she desired of the Doctor, that she might once more *hear him* Pray, and accordingly had her desire therein.

The same Day in the afternoon, she was more *strongly assaulted* than before; for now to her *Feaver*, and almost *exhausted strength*, *convulsive motions* were added, and *risings* of the *Mother*, by which when she had been *greatly afflicted*, and *beyond all* hope.

Her thank- hope recovered again out of them, she  
fulness for a called to her Sister sitting by, and asked  
little ease, what day of the *Month* it was; who enqui-  
and pious re- ring after the reason of that question, was  
solution if told by her, that if she lived, she would  
she lived. celebrate it for ever hereafter, in a thankful  
remembrance of her being thus revived  
again, as it were like another *Lazarus*.

The next day lying in a slumber, as her  
She awakes Sister thought, she suddenly turns her  
out of a kind head to her, and hastily tells her, that she  
of trance. had a *Call to be gone*; a Call, saith she, by  
whom? *God hath Called me*, replied she,  
to be gone from hence, and *I must die*:  
why, how do you know it? said the other,  
very well saith she, I am sure it will be so,  
and therefore do not reckon upon my Life.

One coming not long after to visit her,  
and to pray with her, asked her how she  
did; *I am going to Heaven*, said she, as  
fast as I can.

Three nights after this, God in a won-  
derful manner supporting her under conti-  
nual pains, so that friends hoped she might  
wear them out; well, saith she, for all this  
*I shall dye*, and be at rest in *Heaven* with  
my dear Lord, before the morning comes;  
yet it proved not so, for she lived almost  
four dayes after, sometimes giving new  
hope of recovery, and then falling back  
again.

All the time of her *sickness* she was very patient, earnestly praying that God would enable her *still* so to be, and that she might not *murmur* while his hand lay so heavy on her. Ever and anon she would cry out, *little doth any know what I feel*; but I hope, saith she, God will *strengthen* me to the end. She often enquired whether any were *seeking* God for her, which when she was assured of, *blessed be God*, saith she, he will *reward* them for it. *Prayer very much for patience, and is answered.*

Three things she desired might earnestly be sought for from God on her behalf, *patience* under her so grievous sickness, *clear evidences* of God's Love, and an *easy passage*, if God should call her out of this Life; in all which she was *graciously answered*, as every one that attended her from first to last, can witness.

One time she seemed to lye in a kind of *Agony*, and suddenly breaking out with these words, said, *shall I say that God hath forsaken me? no, I will not.* All the time after she seemed well satisfied, and much at peace in her mind concerning her future state, nor had any fear at all upon her; for being told by her Sister, that she was perswaded, if God should be pleased to take her from hence, she should be happy with him; she replied, *I doubt it not in*



*the least, and was never heard to let fall one word to the contrary all the while after.*

*Submits to  
the will of  
God.*

Being asked (as she often was) how she did? she answered, in pain all over, *even as God will have it; the Physitian I see can do me no good, but one word from God can help all, if he please.*

At another time she looked about her, and said to the standers by, *God might have made you all like me, and I might have been in your case, if it had seemed good to him, but his holy Will be done.*

*Her medita-  
tions fixed  
on God.*

Upon the Lord's Day before her Death, when speech almost quite failed her (though not her senses nor understanding, which she had even to the last) she softly uttered these words in the midst of very great pains, which all that day universally seized on her, *the Goodness of God is the best goodness, the Goodness of God is the best goodness; often repeating of it, as if her heart were holy taken up with that Meditation.*

*Her great  
fervency in  
time of pra-  
yer, though  
weak.*

When a near friend stood by her praying earnestly, for her in this extremity, at every sentence she testified a very great affection, by such a lifting up her eyes and hands towards Heaven, as if her whole soul had ascended in every petition, which occasioned some heavings of the Mother; and be-

being told, that since it came by the *zeal* of her heart in Prayer, God would *sweeten* it to her; she replied, *I question it not.*

On the *Munday* morning, she often muttered out very softly, these words, *two dayes and an half more, and then I shall be at rest;* which she repeated two or three times; and accordingly from that *very time*, she did live two dayes and an half, to wit, till *Wednesd*ay Noon following, and then began to *draw on apace* towards her last breath.

*She foretels the hour of, her own Death.*

*And dyes at the same hour.*

Indeed her *pains* now seemed to leave her, or her *strength* rather, being able no more to *struggle*; and so lying in a kind of *quiet sleep*, at last panting for breath a short space, in a *small silent groan*, gave up her *precious soul* into the hands of God, whose *Angels* carrying it away to Heaven (as we have *comfortable ground of hope* to believe) left us all in *bitter mourning* and *wailing* over her dead Body.

When she was laid out in the Chamber where she dyed, dressed in her *Night clothes*, one would have thought she had been in a kind of *smiling slumber*; and now the *Gentlemen*, with the rest of the Family, and some neighbours coming to see her, and give her their *last salute*, it would have broken ones heart, to have

*The great lamentation at her laying out.*



heard and seen the many *cryes*, *tears*, and *lamentations*, that the Room was filled with.

So dear a child she was, and of such *high deserts* (as hath been already related) that her *Father* and all friends, thought her worthy of a very *decent Burial*, and accordingly upon *Saturday* the sixth of *July*, she was attended to the grave with a *numerous Company*, in a manner following.

*Her honour-  
ble Burial.* The *Herse* covered with *Velvet*, was carried by *six servant Maidens* of the Family, all in *White*; the sheet was held up by *six* of those *Centlewomen* in the *School*, that had most acquaintance with her, in *mourning Habit*, with *white Scarfs* and *Gloves*; a rich costly *Garland* of *gum-work*, adorned with *Banners* and *Scutchions*, was borne immediately before the *Herse*, by two proper *young Ladies*, that intirely loved her. Her *Father* and *Mother*, with other *near Relations*, and their *Children*, followed next the *Herse*, in due order, all in *mourning*; the *Kindred* next to them, after whom came the whole *School* of *Gentlewomen*, and then persons of *chief rank*, from the *Neighbour-hood*, and from the *City of London*, all in *white Gloves*, both *Men*, *Women*, *Children*, and *Servants*, having been first served with *Wine*.

When

When the *Herse* first entred the Church, the *rest* of the *Schools* were all there, in their *respective places*, affectionately *sympathizing* with the *rest* of the *Mourners*. I know not whether *Hackney Church* hath often had more *weeping eyes*; and *aking hearts* in it, on such an occasion, so greatly and generally was she beloved.

The *Herse* being set down, with the *Garland* upon it, the *Reverend Dr. Spurstow* applyed himself to the proper work of the *The Text* season, and preached upon those words, *preached up- 1 Cor. 3. 22. Death is yours*. From whence, on at her after he had declared at large the *sweetness Funeral*. that lyes in this word *Death*, as it is a part of *Christ's Legacy* to a *Believer*, he made such *useful* inferences and applications, as were proper for the *occasion*.

This done, the *rich Coffin* anointed with *sweet Odors*, was put down into the *Grave*, in the *middle Alley* of the said Church, un- *The place of* the same stone, where *Mrs. Anne Carew*, her *Burial*. one of the great *beauties* of *England* in her time, and formerly a *Gentlewoman* of the *School*, and *intimately acquainted* with her, was buried; being the *second* of those *five Gentlewomen* onely, which have dyed out of her *Father's House*, amongst those *eight hundred*, that have been educated there, within the compass of *seventeen* years.

And now what *follows* after all this? is

*The Conclusion of all.*

it not a *fair warning* to us, that yet *survive* her, to bethink our selves of our *own condition*? and whether we be ready for death, if we should be suddenly called, as she in a manner was? should we not make it our *constant Prayer*, and *utmost endeavour*, to *number our dayes*, and so to number them, as to *apply our hearts to Wisdom*, even to that *Wisdom only*, which will make us fit to dye? *All the dayes of my appointed time will I wait* (saith Job) *till my change come*. O let that be our saying too, and our *practise* also.

---

Upon



Upon the aforesaid

Mrs.

SUSANNA PERWICH.

I.

**A**Mong the many *Female* Glories,  
Which may be seen sometimes in  
Let *candid Readers* shew us where (stories;  
She can be found, that may compare  
With *Her* this paper now sets forth,  
Far short of her *rare* parts and worth.  
Her *Person* comely, *Red* and *White*,  
Mix'd curiously, gave great delight:  
*Pure snows*, with *Rich Vermilions* stream,  
Strawb'ries i'th' *Silver* dish of Cream.  
*Fresh-blown* *Cornations*, *Queen-like* reigns,  
While *Violets* *tincture* all her veins.  
*Straight*, *Proper*, *Handsom*, every Feature,  
Set in *due place*, made her a Creature.  
*Much lov'd*; let's take a special view,  
Look where you will, you'll find it true.

*A Description of her Person:*

Her *dark brown Hair*, her *double mould*,  
 More lovely were, than *sparks of Gold*.  
 Her *own meer natural* curious *Tresses*,  
 Out-shine all *adventitious Dresses*.  
 Round *Argent Brows* ! whoever marks,  
 Her *smooth high Fore-heads Eban-Arks* ;  
*Tralucant Temples*, through her *Locks*,  
 Peer out like *Alabaster Rocks*.  
 From her *black jetty starry Eye*,  
 Ten thousand sparkling *Lustres* flie.  
 Brave gen'rous *Spirits siferial*,  
 Move quick about each *nimble Ball*.  
 Under a *Velvet Coverlet*,  
 Each *glittering Star* doth rise and set.  
 Such *Eye-lids*, *fittest Caskets* be,  
 For such *bright Gems* effulgency.  
*Ouches of Gold*, encircling *passes*,  
 About this *pair of burning-glasses*.  
 Two *Hemisphears*, with two such *Suns*,  
 O're *Microcosm's* seldom runs.  
 Midst these *twin-flames*, a *marble Mount*,  
 Mounts *ridge-wise* up, down from her front.  
 On each side of which *ridge* you'l spie,  
*Aurora's Rosy blushes* lie. (ples,  
 Her *sanguine Cheeks*, like two *Queen-ap-*  
*Natures great Artist* neatly couples.  
 Her two *Ambrosial* ruddy *Lips*,  
 In deepest *Scarlet dye* she dips.  
 Who views her *well-set polish'd Teeth*,  
 Will think two ranks of *Pearls* he seeth.



'Twixt these *matcht milk-white Ivory* rows,  
A sweet breath'd *Aromatick* flows,  
All down 'long to her *swan-like* Neck,  
Her fine Complexion hath no speck.  
Her pair of *round Crown'd rising* Hills,  
Each moment with new *panting* fills.  
Her *sleek soft downy* checker'd Wrists,  
Small *Azure threads*, finely entwists.  
Her *Lilly* Hands, long *woodbine* Fingers,  
Hang ever *quivering*, never lingers,  
In *trembling* strokes, which alwayes she,  
Tunes into *sweetest* Harmony.  
I scarce ere see them, but the *sound*,  
Of *Musick* seems thence to rebound.  
No *Unions*, no choice *Jewels* are,  
Found any where, that may compare,  
With th'very *Nails*, or *Joynts*, or *Bones*,  
That her *ten sister-fingers* owns.  
You'd scarce know which are *richest* things,  
Her *knuckle bones*, or *Di'mond Rings*.  
More curious is each *Sattin* limb,  
Than th'*silken* trails that cover him.  
Thus if you take *her* every way,  
How *lovely* she's! what shall I say?  
Her *Head*, her *Face*, her every part,  
Most *graceful* was, there need no *Art*,  
Be us'd at all, *her* to adorn,  
With *Paints* or *Pearls*, she being born,  
Natures own *Master-piece*; *white Skin*,  
*Rose-lips*, *fair Breasts*, *sweet Smiles*, and in  
Her

Her *gestures* such a *compound* Grace,  
 Made her to *beautifie* the place  
 Where e're she came, her *goodly* look,  
 At *first sight* the beholders took;  
 And won their *hearts* immediately,  
 With her thenceforth to *live* and *dye*.

## I I.

*Her natural  
 parts.*

Yet this is but the *out-side*, we  
 By looking *inwardly* shall see,  
 More *Orient Beams* ; within her shin'd  
 The *choicest Beauties* ; she was lin'd,  
 With stuffe *more costly* there; such *Rayes*  
 of Radiancy she *thence* displays ,  
 As if the *Pangloretta* she,  
 Of her *whole Sex* was made to be.  
 Her *sharp, sublime, and pleasant* Wit,  
 Made her *Companion* very fit,  
 For the rich *pregnant* genius ,  
 Of those were most ingenious.  
*Fine jests, quick answers* readily,  
 Flow'd from her tongue most *fluently*.  
*Rhet'rick* she had, and *Eloquence* ,  
 As if she'd been at *great* expence  
 In *learned Schools* : fine *sentences*  
 Dropt from her, great *dependences*  
 Were in her *words* ; the sense and matter  
 Was *useful, solid*, she'd not scatter  
*Vain talk*, but what *best* profited  
 Her self and others, *that* she fed

Their



Their eares withal; what she had learn'd  
 From *well-read* Books, and what she earn'd  
 By her *industrious* Meditations,  
 Or by her *careful* observations  
 From *others* speech, that she *laid up*,  
 And therewith made her *guests* to sup,  
 When they came in to visit her,  
 And to them was an *Instructor*.

## III.

Not *rash*, but most *deliberate*  
 In all things, and *considerate*;  
*Prudent* she was, *discreet*, and *wise*,  
*Humble* and *meek*, no *lofty eyes*  
 In her were seen: she never frown'd  
 With *angry looks*, such as abound  
 In *rugged tempers*; *modesty*  
 In *bashful* blushes constantly  
 Colour'd her Face; no *garishness*,  
 Or any *wanton* foolishness  
 Stain'd her at all; she much desi'd  
 These *vices*, and them ever fly'd.  
 Most *gentle*, *affable*, and *kind*,  
 She was to all, you scarce could find  
 One so *benign*; few of this Age,  
 'Mong *young* folks, or among the *Sage*,  
 Beyond her went in *courtesie*,  
 More ready was to gratifie  
 Favours receiv'd: she would requite  
 Such *kindnesses* with all her might.

*Her moral  
 Virtues.*

She

She had a *noble generous heart*,  
As she was *able to impart*.

## IV.

*Her charity  
to the Poor.*

Where need requir'd she, suffer'd *none*  
In *vain* to her to make their moan.  
The meanest *Beggar* at the door  
She *pittied*, and *reliev'd* the *Poor*.  
By her good will, *no one* should want,  
*Specially those in Covenant* :  
For them it was her *chiefest* care,  
When they were *sick, hungry, or bare*,  
Most to *refresh* : she would be sure  
*Them* food and *raiment* to procure,  
Whoever wanted, *they* should not,  
If *succour* for them could be got.

## V.

*Her sympathy  
with the  
suffering  
servants of  
Christ.*

Christ's *suffering Members* she would visit,  
As oft as time serv'd, she'd not *miss* it.  
The *Exile* and *Imprisonment*,  
Of some *dear Friends* she'd much lament.  
Was *their blood shed* ? she *felt* the *dart*,  
That *wounded* them, 'twent to *her heart*,  
To think what *dark, close, dungeons* they  
Were *stifled* in, both *Night* and *day*.  
Great *pitty* caused her to *yearn*  
For them, and all her *bowels* turn  
Within; when she got them among,  
*Tears* from her eyes, and from her tongue

*Sad*

*Sad* language flow'd : she did partake  
*Their* sorrows, *head* and *heart* did ake,  
 At *thought* of what *they* suffer'd; she  
 Could not *forbear* to go and see (shent,  
 How't *far'd* with them, though she were  
 And many a *precious hour* she spent,  
 To *comfort* them what she was able,  
 In this their case so *lamentable*.

## V I.

*Mourn'd others?* she in *sympathy*  
 Would *mourn* also, when they did lye,  
 In any *doleful* misery.  
*Their griefs* she alwayes made *her own*,  
 And ever greatly did bemoan  
*Their* sad calamities : *her heart*  
 In *sorrows* deep did bear a *part*.  
 Did *Parents sigh?* she sighed too;  
 Grieved *they?* she knew not what to do,  
 Till she had found out *some relief*,  
 To *ease* the *pain* of *Parents* grief.  
 Were any of her *neer* Relations,  
 Afflicted by *sad* alterations  
 In *health*, *estate*, or comforts any,  
 Her *groans* were such, her *tears* so many,  
 As it alone concern'd : so deep  
 Were *her resentment*s, she'd so weep,  
 As if her *heart* would *break* asunder,  
 And the great burden *truckle* under.

*Her part-  
 nership in  
 friends af-  
 flictions.*

## VII.

*Her love to  
peace.*

*Peace* was the darling of her heart,  
So that to her no greater smart  
Could come, then when a difference rose  
Among dear Friends, she'd interpose,  
And by her wise calm moderation,  
More firmly knit each dear Relation.

## VIII.

*Her most  
excellent  
breeding.*

Next her improved breeding high  
You will perceive now by and by.  
No quality or rare perfection,  
But 'twas her own, make what election  
You please of most desired skill,  
That Females glory in, she will  
Excel them all throughout the Town,  
Yea Kingdom too, and wear the Crown,  
Of a renowned veneration,  
From all the rest of the whole Nation.

## IX.

*Her incom-  
parable abi-  
lities in Mu-  
sick of all  
sorts, both  
vocal and  
instrumen-  
tal.*

First for her Musick, who can give  
Sufficient praise? or cause it live,  
As it deserves in memory?  
And that to all posterity?  
Ask Rogers, Bing, Coleman, and others,  
The most exactly skilful Brothers:  
Ask Brian, Mell, Ives, Gregories,  
Hows, Stifkins, all, in whom there lyes,

*Rare Arts of Musick*, they can tell,  
 How well she sung: how rarely well  
 She play'd on several Instruments,  
 What high admir'd accomplishments,  
 She had attain'd to; *Angels hands*,  
 On *Lute* or *Viol* scarce commands  
 A sweeter touch; she never shall,  
 Be equall'd by the *Nightingale*.  
 If *Kings* and *Princes* claim the best,  
 Of *Melodies* above the rest,  
 'Twas she could give them, she alone,  
 Whether from *Art*, or *natures* tone.  
 So tun'd a voice! so shrill a sound,  
 In Male or Female rarely found!  
 Each *Crotchet*, *Quaver*, *Minnum*, *Note*,  
 Kept time within her warbling throat.  
 Soft, deep, high strains, in treble Song,  
 Flow'd sweetly from her sugered tongue.  
 No strings of *Harp*, no *Organ* Pipe,  
 Strecht or reach'd higher; she was ripe  
 Ev'n for the heavenly *Chorus*; she  
 Of all sorts, gave such Harmony.  
 Where she was singing had you come,  
 By chance into the blissful Room,  
 You'd thought by the melodious Air,  
 That *Quiers* of *Angels* had been there.  
*Laws*, *Sympson*, *Polewheel*, *Jenkins*, all  
 'Mong the best Masters Musical,  
 Stand ravish'd while they hear her play,  
 And with high admiration say,

What



What *curious* strains ! what *rare* divisions !  
 Are we not 'mong *Celestial* Visions !  
 This is no *humane* hand ! these strokes,  
 The high *immortal* Spirits provokes  
 To *listen* to her ! *she* playes so,  
 That after *her* none takes the bow,  
 To play again ; it is too much ,  
 To take the *confidence* to touch,  
 The *Instrument* which *she* laid down,  
 Or go about to win the Crown,  
 Which *she* had set on her *own* head,  
 With *Lawrels* all enamelled.  
 No, no, they must wholly *despair*,  
 To give one *such* delicious Air  
 Of which *she* millions gave ; *each* touch  
 To most *judicious* ears was such,  
 So *sweet*, so *quick*, so *dainty*, *rare*,  
 That *nothing* could therewith compare.  
 No strain but was *incomparable* ,  
 And by *mens* Art *insuperable*.  
 The *deepest* grounds where *utmost* skill ,  
 Of a *rich* fancy lay, *she* still  
 Most *finely* nick'd ; her *nimble* Arm,  
 Still made a most *delicious* Charm.  
*Quick* *numerous* motions *she* would show,  
 With her *swift*, *gliding*, *jumping* bow.  
 Even in a *moment* *she* would measure,  
*Thousands* of strokes, with *ease* and *pleasure*,  
 Where others *hundreds* scarce could reach,  
 Though such as *most* profest to teach.



*All this, both by her hand and brain,  
Without the least toil, labour, pain.*

X.

No *Antick* gestures, or bold face,  
No *wrigling* motions her disgrace.  
While she's at play, nor eye, nor head,  
*Hither* or *thither* wandered.  
Nor *nods*, nor *heaves* in any part,  
As taken with her own rare Art.  
All vain conceited affectation,  
Was unto her abomination.  
With body she ne're sat *asææ*,  
Or mouth *awry*, as others do.  
*Careless* she seem'd, as if her mind,  
Were *somewhere else*, and yet we find  
*Performances* to admiration,  
And our *exceeding* delectation.

*Her hand-  
som sitting at  
her Musick,*

XI.

As *hand* and *tongue*, her *feet* also,  
She curiously had taught to go.  
Her motions *measure* all the ground  
*Exactly*, while *sweet Musicks* sound:  
That whosoe're observ'd her tread,  
Must needs be much *enamoured*.  
If *French* or *English* Dances were  
An ornament, how *finely* there!  
Did she *out-do* all she came neer;  
To th'wonderment of them that see her?

*A most cu-  
rious dancer.*

## XII.

*A Composer.* As *Lessons* she, so *Dances* too, (*new.*  
 When *old* were spent, could make more  
*Masters* themselves, found at the closure,  
 A *curious skill* in her compofure.  
 Then to *preserve* her memory,  
 Oh let them alwayes *practis'd* be!  
 And to keep up their *Authors* fame,  
 Oh let them also *bear* her *Name*!

## XIII.

*Good at the Pen.* She writ well, *cypher'd*, cast *account*,  
 Could tell to what the *sums* amount  
 Spent in the House, and *greater* too,  
 If need requir'd, as oft as you  
 Demanded it; *fair letters* write,  
*Pregnant*, with sense, *worthy* the sight  
 Of *learned Secretaries*. She  
 In *needles Art* attain'd to be

## XIV.

*Her rare skill in all sorts of Works.* *Perfectly curious*; every work  
 In which a *cunning skill* did lurk,  
 She had it at her *fingers end*,  
 And lov'd therein *fit time* to spend.  
 In *black-works*, *white-works*, *colours* all,  
 That can be found on earths round ball,  
 She did *excell. Wax*, *Straws* and *Gum*,  
*Silks*, *Gems*, and *Gold*, the *total sum*

Of *rich* materials she dispos'd  
 In *dainty* order, and compos'd  
 Pictures of *men*, *birds*, *beasts*, and *flow'rs*,  
 When leisure serv'd at *idle* hours.  
 All this so *rarely* to the Life,  
 As if there were a kind of *strife*,  
 'Twixt *Art* and *Nature*: Trees of *fruit*,  
 With *leaves*, *boughs*, *branches*, *body*, *root*,  
 She made to grow in *Winter* time,  
 Ripe to the eye, *easy* to climb.  
*Buds*, *blossoms*, *foldings*, *Sunny* beams,  
 In *checkered* shadowings finely streams,  
 Among the thickest *clusters* there,  
 Whether of *Apple*, *Cherry*, *Pear*.  
 Here hangs a *Plumb*, a *Strawberry*,  
 An *Orange* there, a *Goseberry*,  
 An *Hony-suckle*, *July* flower,  
 Wetted as 'twere from a *fresh* shower.  
 The *Rose*, the *Violet*, the *Lilly*,  
 The goodly *Tulip*, *Daffadilly*,  
 With many more varieties,  
 Of natures *chiefest* rarities.

XV.

All these *rich* qualities she had,  
 Most *beauteously* and *bravely* clad  
 With ornaments of *every* kind,  
 Whether for *body* or for *mind*.  
 And yet which was the *Crown* of all,  
 She was not touch'd with *pride* at all.

Her great  
*humility* in  
 the midst of  
 all her ex-  
 cellencies.

No *vain conceit* puff'd up her heart,  
 VVith *thoughts* of this her *great desert*.  
 Although there was a *glorious sound*,  
 VVent of her worth, all *England round*.  
 In *London*, when great *meetings* were  
 Of *curious eares*, which here and there  
 Lay scatter'd, and were got together,  
 And one much pleased with another,  
 In their *own Musicks*, yet *she still*  
 The *Lawrel bears*, not any will  
 Farther *contend* when *she* hath play'd,  
 But *down* their *Instruments* all lay'd.  
 Yet notwithstanding this, when ever  
 She was again desir'd, she never  
 By her *good will* would come again,  
 'Twas not her *pleasure*, but her *pain*,  
 To hear her *own admired Name*  
 Sounded with *golden trump* of fame.  
 VVhen commendations 'fore her face,  
 Her high *encomia's* did enchase;  
 When tongues of *Strangers* could not hold  
 Till they her *praise* to all had told,  
 Yea to her *self* too, yet her ear  
 Ne're *listen'd* to't, 'twas her *great fear*,  
 Lest some *black evil* her should seize,  
 If puff'd up by such things as these.

## XVI.

*Blessings* she did acknowledge them,  
 And often said, she should condemn

Her

Gives God  
 the glory of

Her self of much *ingratitude*,  
 And not her *duty* understood,  
 Unless she very thankful were  
 To *him* that of *all gifts* that are,  
 The *fountain* is, to him alone,  
 She joy'd to *give* what was *his own* :  
 And with the *best* of all she had  
*Sincerely* serve him, and make glad,  
 Her pious *friends*, that earnestly ,  
 Pray'd for this her *humility*.

*All her rich  
 qualities.*

XVII.

*Black spots* to her abominable  
 Were *always* held, nor was she able  
 To *bear* their *sight*, she did complain,  
 Till they were taken off again,  
 Where e're she *saw* them, her self ever  
 So much *detested* them that never  
*Durst* she wear them, for *well* she knew,  
 If she had don't she must renew  
*Repentance* for't : she'd ne're disgrace,  
 God's *workmanship* in her own face,  
 Whose *lustre* never shineth less,  
 Than when in such an *whorish* dress.

*Abominates  
 black spots.*

XVIII.

Nor *naked* was her back or breast,  
 What was most *chaste* she loved best.  
*Whisks*, *Handcherchiefs*, she'd always wear,  
 Where others *shamelessly* went bare.

*And naked-  
 ness.*



They yet live whom she carefully  
 Consulted, what most lawfully  
 In all parts of her garb she might  
 Wear without sin, and do what's right.  
 She ne'er would in the least desire,  
 Uncomeliness in her attire.

## XIX.

Delights in decent and modest attire. Decent she lov'd, and neat to be,  
 As best befitted her degree.  
 Her Whisks, Quoifs, Hoods, and silver purles  
 Suited her garments silken furles.  
 Fine Bracelets, Ear-rings, Neck-laces,  
 Sometimes those parts encompassed,  
 That when she led the Dances 'mong  
 The many beauteous Ladies young,  
 Which to her Mother's School were sent,  
 She might give them the more content.  
 Yet this to her no pleasure gave;  
 For she had rather been more grave;  
 But that the business of her place  
 Required such an handsome grace.

## XX.

A transition from morals to supernaturals. Thus we a little now have seen  
 What were the virtues of this Queen  
 Of Diamonds, in moral things,  
 But that which lifts her on the wings  
 Of highest fame, is yet behind,  
 The best endowments of her mind,



In works of *grace* and *holiness*,  
Let's see her now in that *brave dress*.

XXI.

That which *first* wrought upon her soul,  
And did her *happy* name enrol  
Among *true Converts*, was the Death  
Of a *dear friend*, whose mortal breath  
Gone suddenly, left *such* impressi<sup>o</sup>n,  
(According to her own confession)  
That she *enquiring* of her God,  
What was the *meaning* of this *rod*,  
'Twas plainly told her, *reformation*  
And not at all her *desolation* :  
But that her souls *eternal* good  
Was only *sought* ; at which she stood  
*Pausing* a while, and then she said,  
Is this the *reason* God hath laid  
His *rod* upon me ? *I'll* repent  
Of every *sin*, *I'll* now *relent* ;  
*I'll* search my heart, *I'll* try my wayes ,  
*I'll* hearken what my *conscience* sayes,  
Concerning mine *eternal* state,  
And what is *like* to be my fate ;  
Lest I likewise *surprized* be,  
By *sudden* death as well as he.

*Her conversion, and the occasion of it.*

XXII.

Thus *first* resolving she proceeds,  
Examins *Thoughts*, and *words*, ; and *deeds*,

*Her self-examination.*

*Compares them with God's holy Word,  
To see wherein her dearest Lord  
Offended was, and what the spring,  
Such filthy noisome streams did bring,  
Wherewith she was polluted so,  
And did a fresh still overflow  
So fast upon her; last she spies  
Whence 'twas, and then aloud she cries*

## XXIII.

*O my great Sin Original,  
Hence, hence, my soul corruptions all  
Boil up, break forth, contaminate  
What e're I do, communicate  
Abominations ugly stain  
To my best actions; hence my pain,  
Even from the grand iniquity  
Of Father Adam wickedly  
Rebelling 'gainst his Maker, when  
In's loyns lay all the sons of men.  
Then I among the rest was there,  
And in that sin had equal share.  
Oh how I am indrencht all o're,  
In that abominable gore!  
How filth, and sin, and misery,  
And even a Hellish slavery  
Inthrals me now! what hideous crimes  
Grow thick upon me! how betimes  
Each morning doth my naughty heart  
Cast forth its filth! how many a dart*

All the day long do I send out  
 'Gainst Heaven in my rebellion stout !  
 As full of poyson as the Toad !  
 Or Serpents which lye on the road,  
 With speckled skin, but venom'd head,  
 Indangering all that on them tread !

XXIV.

Satan still tempts me every day,  
 Yea hour and minute, there's no way  
 Left open for me to escape  
 His fierce assaults, the ugly shape,  
 Of some new guilt or other still  
 Deforme my heart, my mind, and will.  
 No sooner are his evil motions,  
 Suggested to me, or his potions  
 Of poy's'nous lusts in's golden cup,  
 To my vile senses offer'd up,  
 But I embrace them, and comply  
 With his allurements presently.  
 Base my affections ! base my heart !  
 Oh how the dread of 't makes me start !  
 To think how dangerous is my case,  
 And that the only proper place,  
 For such a sinner is to fry;  
 In Hell's hot fire eternally.

She com-  
 plains of  
 temptations  
 from sin and  
 Satan.

XXV.

Thus, thus, she muses, and then prays,    Cries out to  
 God would not leave her in these ways    God for  
 Of

*strength a-  
gainst them,  
and for a  
thorough  
work of  
Grace in her  
heart.*

*Of sin and death, Oh no said she!  
Let God do what he will with me,  
Chastise, afflict, break, bruise, correct;  
So he'll vouchsafe me to direct  
In path of Life, and me translate  
Out of this sinful cursed state,  
In which I now by nature lye,  
And crown me with the dignity  
Of his high favour, mercy, grace,  
And cause my feet to run the race  
Of his Commandements, then I  
Nor care to live, nor fear to dye.  
When once sweet influences of Love,  
All melt my heart, drop from above.  
This, this, is all my soul requires,  
O let it burn in these pure fires!  
These Aromaticks! let them give  
Their powerful odors, I shall live  
Best in these flames; O what a change  
Is here! O tell me, is't not strange!  
That she should make such blessed use  
From her friend's Death, thus to produce  
Life in her self! therefore it was  
She joy'd so much, as often as  
She spake thereof, and plainly found,  
God's love to her did more abound,  
In taking of that friend away,  
Then if he had liv'd to this day.  
Such great good sometimes God intends,  
When he some sharp affliction sends.*

'Twas her own frequent saying too,  
 That *all things put together do*  
*Work* for the good of those that fear,  
 And love God, with an heart sincere.

## XXVI.

The *ground-work* thus begun in her  
 'Bout four years since, she did bestir  
 Her self to *carry on* the building,  
 With *precious stones*, and *costly gilding*.  
 Her time *far spent*, she now *makes haste*,  
 And by her *good will* doth not waste  
 One minute more; she will redeem  
 The time that's *lost*, a great esteem  
 She puts on *every person*, thing,  
 That *helped reform* her wandering.  
 Now she *keeps close* to th' good old way,  
 Careful no more to go astray,  
 But *wisely walks* with *circumspection*,  
 And often makes a sad reflection  
 Upon her former course of life,  
 Contending with an *holy strife*,  
 To go the faster unto *bliss*,  
 Nor stopt till come where now she is.

Her pro-  
 gress in the  
 work of  
 Grace.

## XXVII.

What pains she took fully to know  
 Sweet heavenly *Truths*! how she would go  
 From *Book to Book*! to catechise,  
 Her self where the *foundation* lyes.

The pains  
 she took for  
 sound know-  
 ledge.

In



*The exemplary Life, and lamented*  
*In Perkins, Baal, or any other*  
*That could teach better than other,*

## XXVIII.

*Writes dili-  
 gently at  
 Church.*

*The paper Books, and Sermon notes,*  
*She left behind, plainly denotes,*  
*With how much reverend care she did*  
*Receive God's Word, and wisely hid*  
*It in her heart; she would repeat*  
*Choice passages, and made the seat*  
*Of what she heard her heart to be,*  
*More than her writing Book we see.*  
*When she came home, she did retire,*  
*On the Lord's Dayes, and much enquire*  
*What she had miss'd of what was said,*  
*And when her Notes she over read,*  
*Soon mended, if they wanting were*  
*With a devout Religious care.*

## XXIX.

*Seeks bles-  
 sing upon:  
 what she  
 hears by  
 prayer.*

*This being done it was not all*  
*Sh'was wont to do, for she would call*  
*For blessing on't, with bended knees,*  
*From him whose eye in secret sees.*  
*Ejaculations from her heart,*  
*She'd frequently to Heaven dart.*  
*No time so pleasant as the Night,*  
*When she might most be out of sight.*  
*No place by her so much desir'd,*  
*As where she might be most retir'd,*



*Far from all noise and observation,  
To pour out her souls warm devotion.  
When she sometimes could not be found,  
She'd hid her self, where the sweet sound  
Of her deep sighings, sobs, and cries,  
Might secretly to Heaven rise,  
Unheard of any but his ears,  
Who knew her thoughts, and saw her tears.*

XXX.

*Vain wanton Books her soul abhorr'd,  
As an offence to her dear Lord.  
The Bible was her chiefest Book,  
In which her practise was to look  
And read, and meditate all day,  
As oft as she could get away  
From other bus'ness; her great care  
Was to grow rich in knowledge there.  
Hard questions sometimes she would put,  
And lik'd the Answers which best cut  
All knots; she was inquisitive,  
That she her heart as a large hive,  
Might fill with hony combs of Truth,  
On which she suck'd thus in her Youth.  
Such Keyes she used frequently,  
That open'd Wards which easily  
Would not give way without: her minde,  
With heavenly thoughts she thus refin'd.*

*Hates vain  
Books, but;  
studies the  
Bible much.*

## XXXI.

*What good  
Books she  
read, and  
what was  
her evening  
and morning  
Work.*

The Works of *Watson, Shepherd, Love,*  
*Goodwin, and Spurstow*, to improve  
Was her *endeavour and delight*,  
As much as might be, day and night.  
Some *one* of *these* she *always* kept  
At her *Beds head*, and 'fore she slept,  
Did read an *hour* and sometimes more,  
That laden with a *precious* store,  
She might take rest, and when her eyes  
*First open'd*, 'fore she 'gan to rise,  
She did *revolve* what she had read,  
The *night before* within her Bed.  
While in the *morning* others slept,  
She *meditated, pray'd, and wept.*

## XXXII.

*Sins of omis-  
sion trouble  
her.*

Sins of *omission* many times,  
Touch'd her as *much as acted* crimes.  
If she were *heavy, dead, or dull*  
At *Holy Duties*, it did pull  
Her *heart* much more with *inward* grief,  
Than if by hands of wretched Thief  
Her *choicest treasures* all were lost,  
Wherein was *greatest worth and cost.*

## XXXIII.

*Her delight* When *Sabbaths* came or *Sacrament*,  
*in the Sab-* Her *devout* soul then *strongly* went

To celebrate those *blessed* seasons,  
With *ardent* zeal : no *carnal* reasons  
Prevail'd with her, to *take her off* ;  
Nor *aking* head, nor *painful* cough

*bath, and  
the duties  
of it.*

XXXIV.

Could ever *cool* her *hot* affection,  
Yet still *complain'd* of *imperfection*  
In *all her duties*, and then cry'd,  
Oh wo to me ! had not *Christ* dy'd  
To *purifie* my *holy* things :  
Thus by her *Faith* she often brings,  
What *Christ* had *done* and *suffer'd* too,  
To her *own heart* ; and this she'd do  
*Continually*, on *all occasions*,  
When *Satan* came with *his* *invasions*.

*She sees a  
need of  
Christ in all.*

XXXV.

Pure *Doctrine*, *Worship*, *Discipline*,  
In her souls *eye* did brightly shine.  
To *these* her heart was so *endear'd*,  
That *their pollutions* she much fear'd.

*She is care-  
ful about  
Christ's pure  
Worship.*

XXXVI.

*Sighing* she said, O how shall I  
*Suffer* for *Christ* ! *him* to deny  
How *grievous* is't ! and yet how *weak*  
Am I to bear ! sure 't will soon break  
My *feeble* spirit in *bonds* to lye,  
When I am call'd to *testifie*

*She fears  
her own  
strength if  
called to  
suffering.*

The *truths* I own : the times may come,  
 When a *fierce cruel Martyrdom*,  
 May true *Believers* portion be ;  
 And if it chance to fall on me,  
 What shall I do ? I'm full of care,  
 Lest I in *sufferings* lose my share.  
 And yet I tremble at the thought  
 Of those *sad sorrows* may be brought  
 Upon me, for the *Gospel's* sake,  
 Of which I now *profession* make.  
 However I will learn to *trust*  
 Him whose *performances* are just,  
 His many *gracious Promises*  
 Contain in them *great sollaces*,  
 Which ne're yet *fail'd*, when *trusted* on,  
 And by *true faith* rely'd upon.  
 Besides I'm much *refreshed* by  
 The *thoughts* of that *good Company*,  
 Which in their *sufferings* *altogether*,  
 Will much *encourage* one another.

## XXXVII.

*She had ma-* Many there were sought her good will,  
*ny profers for* Rich, handsome, beautiful, but still  
*marriage.* She them *refus'd*, she ne're would Wed,  
 Or cared for the *marriage* Bed,  
 Till such a one a *Suiter* came,  
 That felt the love, ador'd the Name  
 Of her dear God : till she could say,

He was a man could warmly pray,  
And first in Christs own bosom lay.

## XXXVIII.

So sweet she was, courteous and kind,  
And in all hearts so much entwin'd,  
That whosoever knew her would  
Do to the utmost what they could,  
With Father, Mother, to prevail  
For her Converse : they would not fail,  
As oft as might be, her to get  
Abroad with them, and scarce would let  
Her return home in many dayes,  
Desiring rather she alwayes  
Might stay with them. But oh the fate !  
That by such means she felt of late !  
For when at a friends house she meets,  
And lodgeth there, behold damp sheets  
Cling close about her in the Bed,  
At which she waking said, I'm dead :  
And so it prov'd, alas ! for wo !  
At thought on't I'm afflicted so !  
That brinish tears drop from mine eyes,  
My heart with throbs, and inward cryes,  
All broken is ! what shall I say ?  
She's thus untimely snatcht away !  
Shall I the careless Maid go blame ?  
And tell her what a horrid shame,  
It is, that by her negligence,  
So choice a one is lost from hence ?

Her compa-  
ny was loved,  
and much  
desired by  
friends.

Her sickness  
unto death,  
with the oc-  
casion of it.



*Alas! alas! it is no boot,  
 She was permitted thus to do't,  
 God's own o're-ruling Providence  
 Was pleas'd it self thus to dispense.*

## XXXIX.

*The manner  
 of her sick-  
 ness, and how  
 grievous.*

What I therefore shall further do,  
 Will our *sad* griefs yet more renew,  
 In telling what her *sickness* was,  
 And that therein she lay ev'n as  
 Upon a rack, in *torments* great,  
 The pain whereof made her to sweat,  
 And us to weep 'bout her beds side,  
 And with our floods raise a full tide.

## XL.

*Her patience  
 and submis-  
 sion unto  
 God, under  
 all her pains.*

O God! O God! she often cry'd,  
 And on his Goodness still rely'd,  
 To be supported and preserv'd,  
 Till she with Patience fully serv'd  
 His holy Will; 'midst all her grief,  
 This was to her a great relief,  
 To think that still within his hand  
 She safely lodg'd, and his command  
 As much obey'd in what she felt,  
 As when upon her knees she knelt.  
 No froward word, fell from her lips,  
 When tortures wrested hands and hips,  
 Convulsive motions, Mother fits,  
 New sorrows night and day begets,

And



And yet she's *silent*, 'cause she knows,  
'Twas *God alone* that sent these throws.

## X L I.

One time a *little* fear her seiz'd,  
But *presently* her heart was eas'd,  
As *careful* standers by did find  
By th'*sweet expressions* of her mind.  
Shall I think God hath me *forsaken*  
*Saith she?* since *Christ* the *load* hath taken  
Of *all my sins*; no, I'll not dread  
Nor *sin*, nor *Satan*, when I'm dead,  
I *doubt not*, but in *Bliss* to be,  
And *beatifick Visions* see.

*A cloud of  
fear comes,  
but vanish-  
eth again.*

## X L I I.

When God was pleas'd her to *revive*  
*A little*, and make her *alive*  
*Again*, as 'twere, from *pangs* of death,  
*These words* she utter'd at next breath.  
Pray Sister tell me, *what's the date*  
Of *this good day?* I'll celebrate  
Its mem'ry, if I *longer* live,  
And God shall *please* more *time* to give.  
Then *thee* and I'll both *strive* to be  
*Better* by far; the world shall see,  
Our *business* is in *grace* to grow,  
And *hand in hand* to *Heaven* go.

*Her thank-  
fulness when  
a little eased.*

## X L I I I.

*She calls for  
friends to  
take leave of  
them.*

The last *Tuesday* i'th'month of *June*,  
Finding her self *much* out of tune,  
And that her time 'gan to *draw nigh*,  
When she *undoubtedly* must dye,  
Her *Father, Mother, Sisters* all  
At *midnight* she thought fit to call,  
Of them to take her *solemn leave*,  
And so go *hasten* to receive  
A *better life*, when this should end,  
As God at *this time* did intend.

## X L I V.

*Her speeches  
to them.*

For sev'ral *hours* such *exhortation*  
She gave them all, to *admiration*,  
Speeches so *grave, so wise, so good*,  
And all so plainly understood,  
So *sage, so serious, so religious*,  
So *full of prudence, so ingenious*,  
That *every word* went to the heart  
Of *those* that heard them, every part  
Of her *discourse* so *profited*,  
That all the while their *tears* were shed  
So much the *faster*, and the thought  
This *precious Life* could not be bought  
At *any rate*, but must be *lost*  
From all *friends here*, O how it cost  
*Thousands of groans* all that night long!  
At *every word* fell from her tongue.

## XLV.

When she had spoke her *mind* at large,  
 And to all there had given charge,  
 Of *love, sweet unity, and peace*  
 After she should have her release  
 From *hence*, then with her *Fathers* leave,  
 'Twas her desire each should receive  
 Some *token* from her, to be kept  
 By *them* that round about her wept.  
 Her *Rings*, her *Books*, her *Instruments*,  
 Her *Works*, her *Cloaths*, her *Ornaments*,  
 Of *every sort*, she parted so,  
 That every one their *own* might know.

*Her Legacies left in memorial of her.*

## XLVI.

But among all her *Legacies*,  
 Some of the very *best* were these.  
 To the *young Ladies* of the School,  
 The holy Scriptures *Cristal* pool  
 She did commend, to *wash* their eyes,  
 When they *first* in the *mornings* rise.  
 By *sweet devotions* she desir'd,  
 They'd labour to get their *hearts* fir'd  
 As oft as might be; *wanton Books*  
 To *throw away*, and sober looks  
 Bring *alwayes* when they did attend  
 The *publick Ord'nance*, and to spend  
 Their *precious time* on the *Lord's Day*,  
 Not in *vain dressings*, but to pray,  
*Reade, meditate*, and so improve  
 Those *holy hours* in *purest* love

*Especially those to the Gentlemen of the School.*

To heavenly things. Thus far she went,  
And then began to be quite spent.

## XLVII.

*Her mind is  
Heaven-  
ward.* When a friend ask'd her how she found  
Her self next day? with a low sound  
She said, *I go to Heaven, I*  
Now hasten thither, thither flye  
*As fast as may be*, on the wings  
Of faith and hope, where Angels sing.  
Yet after this she linger'd out  
Another full whole week about,  
And some hours more, in torments great,  
Yet not perceiv'd at all to fret  
Against Gods hand, but quietly  
Resign'd her self in peace to dye.

## XLVIII.

*She foretels  
the hour of  
her Death,  
which pro-  
ved accord-  
ingly.* On Munday Morning 'fore she dy'd,  
Two dayes and half she often cry'd,  
And then shall my soul be at rest,  
In my Lords bosom, and be blest.  
She said so, and it proved so,  
As if her Lord was pleas'd to show  
This secret to her, for at noon  
Next Wednesday, her breath, how soon  
Was't gone? in a weak silent groan,  
And we left mourning all alone!  
You that late toll'd her passing-bell,  
May hasten now to ring her Knell.

She's dead! she's dead! there's no more hope  
Of her *Life* here, the onely Scope  
She aim'd at, now she doth enjoy,  
Whilst sore afflictions us annoy.

X L I X.

All she sought was a *better Life*,  
And to become the *Lambs* dear Wife.  
*His Jewels, Bracelets, righteous Robes,*  
*His blood, his Spirit, his starry Globes,*  
Her eye and heart were eager after;  
The *hopes of these* fill'd her with laughter  
Amidst the many *screeks and tears*,  
She met with from the *King of fears*.  
*Faith, Love, Humility*, each grace  
Shin'd bright in her, the lovely face  
Of her dear Lord when first she spy'd,  
She car'd not then *how soon she dy'd*.  
That *thus adorn'd* she might be bold  
To stand before him, and behold  
Those *radiatures* that glitter there,  
Where the *eternal blisses* are.  
How *swift* her motions were! that thither  
She might come *richly laden*, whither  
*Pure spirits flye*, till she had got  
The place where lay her goodly lot.  
*How restless was she!* therefore flies  
On wings of *Angels* 'bove the skies,  
Before we thought on't, up she goes,  
In *glorious Chariots*, where no foes

*She is wholly  
taken up  
with  
thoughts of  
Christ, and  
coming to  
him.*



*The exemplary Life, and lamented*  
 Of *sin* or death molest her more,  
 Which wrack'd her here with pains so fore.

## L.

*The lamentation over her dead body upon the floor.* While she *lies dead* upon the floor,  
 How friends stand weeping at the door!  
 While she is in her *Night clothes* drest,  
 How sweet her smiles are 'bove the rest  
 That yet survive! how many kisses  
 On her dead face! there's none that misses  
 To take their farewel. Oh! how many  
 Came crowding in! there was not any  
 But long'd to see her once again,  
 While she above ground did remain.  
 What floods of tears there now did meet  
 On her pale cheeks, and winding-sheet!  
 All eyes about her full of bubbles,  
 And all their hearts too, full of troubles.  
 They wring their hands, lift up their voice  
 Aloud in cries, and mournful noise.

## L I.

*The neighbours lament her loss.* And now when these sad tydings came  
 Abroad i'th' Town, and when the same  
 Began to spread the City round,  
 And the whole Country. Oh the sound!  
 Of deep fetcht sighs that you might hear,  
 In ev'ry place! how many a tear  
 Fell from the eyes of all that knew,  
 How great, how sore this loss! more true,  
 And



And general griefs were never known,  
In any age, for such an one.

She liv'd *desir'd, lamented dy'd,*  
Who lov'd her now 'twas fully try'd :  
Both far and neer all England o're  
She'l be bewail'd by thousands more.

L I I.

No Father e're more dearly lov'd  
A child; no child yet ever prov'd  
More gracious, dutiful, and tender  
To a dear Father, she would render  
What e're to th'*utmost* she could give,  
To make her Father's comforts live :  
The chief staff of his age she was,  
The greatest stay. Alas ! alas !  
What stays are these to lean upon !  
Broken so soon ! and so soon gone !

*How dutiful  
she was and  
tender of her  
aged Father.*

L I I I.

At her sad parting Funeral,  
What num'rous eyes were weeping all !  
What aking hearts ! what heavy looks !  
What overflowing spreading brooks  
Of surging sorrows ! mourning blacks,  
Scarfs, Gloves, Wine's given, nothing lacks  
To celebrate the Obsequies  
Of her that thus lamented dyes.  
Great pitty 'twas, said old and young,  
As she i'th' room stood them among,

*Her Funeral  
solemnity.*

*In Velvet Herse, with Garlands crown'd,*  
*And her Companions weeping round.*  
*Friends, Neighbours, and acquaintance all*  
*Came flocking in both great and small,*  
*To mourn for this rare flower of youth,*  
*And follow her to the graves mouth.*  
*At her Interments lamentation,*  
*So crowded was the Congregation,*  
*That He the Word did then dispense*  
*Scarce saw a greater audience,*  
*On such occasion, in that place :*  
*'Tis Hackney Church, where her sweet face*  
*Now hidden lyes, cover'd with dust,*  
*While her blest soul among the just*  
*Sings and triumphs. Well! she is gone,*  
*What now remains more to be done ?*  
*Though her griefs end, our agonies*  
*Thus now begin sad Elegies.*

## L I V.

*An Elegy*  
*upon her*  
*Death.*

*Deep sighs ! torn hearts ! wet eyes ! bemoan*  
*The Mistris of our joyes ; each groan*  
*Lament the loss that Ages past*  
*N'ere knew so nifold, make hast*  
*To drop your Pearls upon her Herse,*  
*And cause her live in mournful Verse.*  
*Come Parents dear, weep o're your child,*  
*On which you have so often smil'd.*  
*Come Musick Masters, hear the tone*  
*She trils forth in her dying groan.*

Come

Come Ladies lay your *Ivory* hand  
On her *soft skin*, a while here stand,  
To see what *difference* sickness makes  
On *fairest beauties*, when it takes  
*Colour*, and *freshness* quite away,  
As 'twill from all of you one day.  
Come Brethren, Sisters, Kindred all,  
And see how *vain* it is to call  
Her back again, she *hears no more*,  
Now she's arriv'd at th' *other shore*.  
Come Strangers which so *ravish'd* were  
With *many a curious dainty Air*,  
That she was wont to *melodize*  
Into your *ears*, before your *eyes*.  
Come young ones see what *here lyes* cropt,  
A *Rose* in'ts *bloom*, the *Tree* is lopt,  
While yet the *fruit* remain'd upon't,  
Before't *had time* to *ripen* on't.  
Come all her *old acquaintances*,  
See now in *deaths* black ballances  
What your *weight* is, when *life* is gone,  
It may be your *own* case anon.  
Come *Virgins* wreath your *flowers* about  
Your *Garlands*, as you carry her out.  
Your *turns* will come *ere long* to go,  
The *same way* too, it must be so.  
Take *Patterns* from her *Virtues* rare,  
That you *with her* in *bliss* may share.

## L V.

Mean while, *Alas!* what shall we say,  
 From whom she's now *thus fled* away?  
 The *sables* of the *darkest* night  
 Take place while *she* is out of sight,  
 The *beauteous* heaven ne're shed *such beams*,  
 As flow'd from *her* in *golden* streams.  
*Lusters* of *Grace* out-shine the *rays*  
 Of the *bright Sun*, ev'n at noon dayes.  
 Now *these* absenting *disappear*,  
 What have we left our *hearts* to cheer?  
 The *Garden* which *she* visited,  
 No *Garden* is now *she* is dead.  
 No *Walks*, no *Arbors*, beds of flowers  
*Smel* sweet, no *artificial* bowers  
 Give us content, now *she* is gone,  
 And we left in them *all alone*.  
 Within doors there's no *Company*,  
 For want of *her* *Society*.  
 Her *single self* was *more* than many,  
 Too fill *her room* up there's not any,  
 'Mong our remaining *socials* left,  
*Alas! alas!* we are bereft,  
 Of such a full *Consort* in one,  
 That all our *Musicks* now are gone.  
*Lute*, *Viol*, *Song-book*, altogether,  
 Cannot make up *such* another.  
 Where once her *measuring* feet did tread,  
*Alas!* we now our *tears* do shed,  
And

And wet the floor, our trembling hearts  
 In sorrowing motions act their parts.  
 No Dances, Voices, Lessons, more,  
 We must expect from her ; our sore  
 Is very grievous ! who can tell  
 How such strong passions to repel ?  
 Which in renewed surges rise,  
 From our sad hearts and watry eyes.

## LVI.

Indeed if she could once again  
 Appear as formerly, our pain  
 Would soon assuage ; her warbling arm,  
 Soft touch, sweet voice, would quickly charm  
 Our doleful plaints, her Musick strains  
 More cordial were than all the grains  
 Of rich Ingredients Doctors give,  
 To make their dying Patients live.  
 If precious, Powders, Pearls, or Gold  
 Could save Life, she had liv'd till old.  
 No Syrrups, Liquors, Tulips, Gems,  
 Can so far sap dry wither'd stems,  
 As to revive them, one cold breath  
 Quite kills them, from the mouth of death.  
 But stay a while, methinks I hear  
 Her rare set melodies so clear,  
 As if her own well tuned head,  
 At sound thereof rose from the dead.  
 Others when neither heart nor life  
 Seem'd to remain in them, the strife

Another  
 Elegy.



Betwixt her *hand* and *Instrument*,  
 So fill'd them with a *rare* content,  
 That out of *deepest* sadness they  
*Cheerful* and *pleasant* went away.  
 And may not *such effects* as these  
 Give us also a *little* ease?  
 From the *same Musicks*? Alas! no!  
*All that now* proves but a *vain* show.

## LVII.

*What her  
 friends  
 should do  
 now she is  
 gone.*

What *once* we heard, must hear *no more*.  
 Our *business* now is to deplore  
 What cannot be *recall'd*, and *strive*,  
 To do as *she* did when alive.  
*Pray, Read, Discourse, and Meditate*  
 Of what concerns our *future* state.  
 This was *her work*, *her greatest joy*,  
 She counted all the *world* a *toy*,  
 Compar'd with *this*. Her *heavenly King*,  
 She *long'd* to go to, *long'd* to sing  
 In that *loud Chorus*, *sweeter layes*,  
 And from her *soul tune* higher praise,  
 Then *lungs* or *fingers* here could make,  
 Even *then* when oft her *heart* did ake.  
 Her *Viol-strains*, her *Vocal trils*,  
 We ne're would miss with our good wills,  
 Though she was wont oft to complain,  
 She *play'd* and *sung* in no *small* pain.  
*Willing* she was at any time,  
 To *help* *such hearts*, as fain would climb



Into celestial thoughts, all these,  
 In love to Christ, the lov'd to please.  
 Thinking no better use could be,  
 Of her sweet Musicks harmony.

## LVIII.

At last when she had run her race  
 Alotted here, she speeds apace  
 To her dear God, with many a groan  
 She cries to him, and makes her moan,  
 That weary of this world she'd fain  
 Return her spirit to him again.  
 And so she did, to Heaven she hy'd,  
 Where now she lives Christs joyful bride.  
 His ornaments are now upon her,  
 His glorious eyes now fixed on her,  
 Before under her pained head,  
 While she lay in her dying bed,  
 His arms enclosed her; but now  
 He hath fulfill'd his marriage vow,  
 And taking her up to his Throne,  
 Gives thousand smiles for every groan.  
 With new embraces, softlances  
 He kindly now her compasses.  
 In stead of this worlds clam'rous noise,  
 Much sweeter Musick feeds her joyes.  
 Her songs are now all Hallelujah,  
 To her eternal King Jehovah.  
 Oh thither let our souls desire  
 In divine ardours now expire.

Her passage  
 towards,  
 Heaven.

## LIX.

*A review of  
her.*

But shall I leave her thus? *Ah no!*  
 Methinks I cannot let her go.  
 Methinks I see her in the *Walks*  
 About the *Garden*, where she talks  
 VVith her *own* soul, unto her *Lord*.  
 Of those *sweet things* which in his word  
 She *then* and *there* had newly read,  
 And *therewith* her heart fully fed.  
 Methinks I see her in the room,  
 VVhere she was daily *wont* to come,  
 At *meal* times still, with some good *Book*,  
 VVhich *alwayes* she *'long* with her took,  
 Within her hand, *under her arm*,  
 That she her *precious* soul from harm  
 Might *safely* keep, while *thus* employ'd,  
*All her life time* untill she dy'd.  
 Methinks I see her in the *front*,  
 'Mong the *young Ladies* she was *wont*  
 To lead up, on the *dancing* *dayes*;  
 When *friends* and *strangers* came *alwayes*.  
 Methinks I see her take the *Viol*,  
 That such as would have *no denial*,  
 She might in great civility,  
 With her *sweet Musick* *satisfie*.  
 Methinks I see her, *here and there*,  
*Above, below stairs*, every where,  
 With *pleasant* look, with *cheerful* eye,  
 And *kind* salutes, still passing by.

*Alas!*

*Alas ! alas ! shall I no more  
 See her, as I was wont before !  
 She's gone ! she's gone ! what shall I say ?  
 We must all follow the same way.  
 Who knows how soon ? we must all come,  
 As well as she to the cold tomb.*

## LX.

*Shall we then any more delay  
 Speedy repentance ? since each day,  
 Each hour, each minute, may cut off  
 Our thread of life ? since one small cough  
 May quickly waste us ? or consumption  
 Soon end us ? Oh ! let no presumption  
 Possess the healthy, lusty, young,  
 Though ne're so well, though ne're so strong,  
 In flower of Age, in heat of youth,  
 In vigor, freshness, yet how doth  
 Death seize on them with his cold blaste;  
 And cause them fall at's foot as fast  
 As leaves from Trees ? fears he to blow  
 On any mortal wight ? ah no !  
 When their time's spent, and hour is come,  
 To others they must yeeld their room.  
 What do we talk of weeks, dayes, hours ?  
 When we can't say one moments ours ;  
 The distance 'twixt our life and death,  
 Is't any more than one short breath ?*

*An exhorta-  
 tion to repen-  
 tance, and  
 preparation  
 for death.*

## LXI.

*No possible  
exemption  
from death  
to any, how  
good or great  
soever.*

The richest ransoms cannot give  
The greatest Dons the least reprieve.  
No heaps of gold, no Counsels deep,  
Can any one from a grave keep.  
No honours, beauties, riches, wealth,  
Wisdom or learning can give health,  
Or save ones life a moment more,  
Then was appointed long before.  
As goodness, so nor greatness can  
Prolong the time of our short span.  
Dukes, Nobles, Earls, Kings, Princes, Queens  
As well as others, deaths black screens  
Shall surely visit, the same shades  
They must pass through, same dismal glades  
Shall seize on them too, they shall have  
Experience of the darksome grave.  
Where smell, nor colour in their dust  
Shall make a difference, they all must  
Be equall there; Scepters and Spades  
Are much as one, where death invades.  
Gyants and Babes are both alike  
To him, when his keen darts do strike.  
He gives to all a conquering charge,  
And in that war there's no discharge.  
Monarchs and Beggars the same state  
Have after long, or later date.  
Nor Robes, nor Crowns, nor splendid Thrones  
Fence Royal hearts from dying groans.

No

No Kingdoms, Armies, Empires can  
Here privilege the mightiest man. (sure  
Then midst great banquets, sports, and plea-  
Should not the greatest Prince find leisure,  
To meditate on this sad fate,  
Which him also early or late,  
Most certainly will seize upon?  
He ne'er grows wise till this be done.

LXII.

This being so, and needs must be  
Without prevention, as we see,  
Shall we remain still in the deep  
Of sins security; and sleep  
Our selves to death? shall we not rise  
With quickest speed, and rub our eyes?  
That we may clearly see the way,  
Where we were wont to go astray,  
It to avoid? and chuse the road,  
That they went in, whose blest abode,  
Is now in Heaven? if we do not  
Thus here, even as our bodies rot  
In slime and filth, our souls also  
Laden with sin, to Hell must go.

*The exhortation to  
prepare for  
death re-enforced.*

LXIII.

Should we not then be *always ready*  
When death us calls? and with a steady  
Hand of true faith take a strong hold  
On Christ? that so we may be bold

*How to become fit to  
dye, and the  
fruit of it.*



*Deaths face to look on without fear,  
 When e're he shall to us appear?  
 Ghastly and grim his visage is,  
 Yet he shall send us up to bliss.  
 His killing darts, his cruel stings  
 Ne're hurt the good, no terror brings.  
 Faith, Holiness, Sincerity,  
 Makes death a precious Legacy  
 To gracious hearts; it them transmits  
 Thither where each believer sits  
 Surrounded with most glorious grace,  
 Reflected from his Saviours face.  
 And where now she's in high content,  
 Whom we below here thus lament.*

## LXIV.

*A serious  
 exhortation  
 to the Gen-  
 tlewomen,  
 that either  
 are or have  
 been of the  
 School.*

*Now you young Ladies of the School,  
 Lest your affections grow too cool.  
 Sit down, consider well your case,  
 Have any of you firmer place  
 Than she? in this worlds tottering frame  
 Are not you all o'th' very same  
 Mould as she was? may not your lot  
 Be th' very next to her? are not  
 The same infirmities in you?  
 Same weakness, frailties, causes too  
 Of sin and death? have you exemption  
 More than the rest? can a redemption  
 Be gained for you more than other,  
 By power, or favour, 'bove another?*

Tell



Tell me, what is the *priviledge*  
 That you can for your *selves* allege?  
 Are you *young*? *handsom*? *beautiful*?  
 Could not *she* say as *much* to th' full  
 As *most* of you? have you *rare parts*?  
 Or are you skill'd in *curious Arts*  
 In *Works*? or *Musicks*? any thing?  
 That's *excellent*? can you *play*? *sing*?  
 Beyond all *humane expectation*,  
 Even unto *greatest admiration*?  
 All this *she* did; and yet we see,  
*Her* under *stroke* of death to be.  
 Have you more *honours*? *riches*? *wealth*?  
 A greater share in *strength* or *health*?  
 Well! be it so; will *this* avail  
 To give you *rescue*? will death fail  
 One *moment* of his *time*? or will  
 He make *long* stay for you, untill  
 You *ready* are; at your *request*?  
 And so *spare* you above the rest?  
 What *warrant* have you for't? will he  
 By *greatest* offers *bribed* be?  
 Or will he at your *stern* command  
 Forbear a while, and make a stand?  
 If *this* would cause him *not* to *strike*,  
 Or *disappear*, then sure 'tis like,  
 Nor *great*, nor *small*, *rich*, *poor* would dye,  
 But either would *command* or *buy*  
 Life for themselves, and still *renew*  
 Or *words*, or *gifts*, as *dangers* grew

From their *diseases*, or *old age*,  
 What e're they had, they'd still engage  
 New *sums*, for a *new term* of years,  
 To save them from the *King of fears*.  
 But let's not be *deceiv'd*, Alas!  
 Such *fine expedient* never was  
 Yet *practis'd*, nor *never will*,  
 But we *undoubtedly* shall still  
 Find that *black fate* *irrevocable*,  
 Still like *himself*, *inexorable*.  
 If *Fathers* sighs, or *Mothers* groans,  
 If *dear Relations* doleful moans,  
 If *friends* bewailing round about  
 Could *keep out* sickness, *drive death out*;  
 If *brinish tears*, or *lamentations*,  
 Or the most *fervent invocations*;  
 If the *Physitians* *care* and *skill*,  
 Or *richest Cordials* in the bill  
 That he *prescrib'd*, could have *prevail'd*  
*Her to preserve*, we had not fail'd  
 Of our *desire*, she had not dy'd,  
 Nor we so *bitterly* have cry'd  
 For our *sad loss*; what then remains?  
 But that with all your *might* and *pains*  
 You hasten, and your selves apply  
 To live so, as not fear to dye.  
 She you a *lively pattern* gave,  
 So *serious* was she, and so *grave*,  
 So *humble*, *holy*, *heavenly*,  
 So *much* in duties constantly,

So little minded she the pleasures,  
The house afforded, or earths treasures ;  
So meaned from this world below ,  
So fast she did to glory go ;  
And all this daily in your sight,  
Early i'th' morning, late at night ;  
That if you do not imitate  
These her rich qualities, your fate  
Will be most lamentable ; you  
Of all the rest that most her knew,  
Take heed you do not carelessly  
Let slip the opportunity ,  
That yet you have, the precious season  
Of grace that yet remains, what reason  
Have you to look for happiness ,  
Unless you practise Holiness ?  
As late she did, while yet alive.  
Sweet Ladies, I beseech you strive  
To be like her, get her renown ,  
That you in Heaven may wear a Crown,  
As she now doth. Oh give sweet rest  
To Jesus Christ betwixt your breast.  
Let him your bosom-jewel be,  
He was to her ; I fain would see  
You all inflam'd with the same love,  
That she to this her Lord above  
Had alwayes burning in her heart ;  
O labour here to act her part.  
Her Legacy do not forget,  
Which she among those jewels set

She valued most, and left to you,  
 Her memory sometimes to renew.  
 Pray'd she in secret? do you go  
 In secret too, and pray you so.  
 Did she much love to read and hear  
 Gods holy Word? and many a tear  
 Shed from a broken heart? did she  
 Always with God delight to be?  
 In holy thoughts, in sweet Communion,  
 In near acquaintance, strictest union?  
 Oh that I could perswade you all  
 Unto the same! oh that the call  
 Which her example gives you, might  
 So work upon you in the fight,  
 Of all that know you, that it may  
 Occasion all your friends to say,  
 'Though her removal be your cross,  
 Yet 'tis your gain, and not your loss.

## L X V.

*A particular  
 advice to all  
 near Rela-  
 tions.*

Where dearest love, most sweet content  
 Have lost their object, where the bent  
 Of strong affections want the scope  
 They us'd to aim at, where the hope  
 Of some rare, choice delight doth fail,  
 And where no comforts can prevail,  
 To quiet and compose the mind,  
 The only remedy I find,  
 Is presently to hasten from  
 The mud-dry'd stream; and haste to come  
 To

To the *sweet fountain* of all good,  
Where it will *best* be understood,  
How deep our sorrows are, how *great*  
Our *unknown* troubles; what's the heat  
Of our *inordinate* desires,  
And those *hot scorching burning* fires  
That *flame* within us? Oh let's there  
Drench deep, refresh our souls, take care  
To *quench* our droughts, *thence* take reliefs  
That may *give ease* to all our griefs.  
A fountain 'tis so *calm, so cool*,  
So *healing* too, a silver pool  
So *clear, so fresh, so pleasant taste*  
It gives to all, that we but *waste*  
Our *precious time* while we refuse  
Its *dainty streams*; oh let us chuse  
This *safe, sure help*, above all others  
That *Brethren, Sisters, Fathers, Mothers*,  
Can us afford, in our distress.  
All put together give *much less*  
*Support or comfort*, one small drop  
From *this high spring*, down from the top  
Of that *gold Mountain* where it runs,  
Gives more *refreshments* than *whole tuns*  
Of these low *muddy waters* here,  
Even when they seem to run *most clear*.  
If we then haste to *wash, bath, drink*  
Of this *sweet font*, we ne're shall sink  
I'th' *Sea* of our *own passions* wide,  
But *bear up* 'gainst the strongest tyde



Of sorrows, while this is the helm  
 Of our hopes, what can overwhelm  
 Or drown us? we shall never split  
 Our Ship with shelves, or sands, or hit  
 Against hard rocks, no boistrous blasts,  
 Or surging storms shall hurt our masts.  
 Where doleful plaints immoderate are,  
 And endless, these aloud declare  
 We lov'd too much what we lament  
 In such excess, and must repent  
 Of this great sin, shall we not rest  
 In what God doth, as ever best?  
 Shall we not suffer him fulfill  
 His own all-wise and sovereign will?  
 Are we so angry 'cause the flower  
 Is cropt by him, who hath the power  
 To take his own when e're he please?  
 What though we plead such things as these?  
 Ah! 'twas a flower, so sweet, so fair,  
 So beautiful, so choice, so rare,  
 A flower we lov'd to look upon  
 With great delight, that flower alone,  
 Which we rejoyc'd in most of all,  
 Above the rest on the round ball.  
 Well't may be so; perhaps we smelt  
 Too much unto't, perhaps we felt  
 Our hearts too much engag'd, our hand  
 Too much upon't, our eye to stand  
 Upon this flower, and there to pore  
 On the fine streaked colours more,

Then



Then we should do ; how *many* a flower  
 Have we oft *spoyl'd* in one *short* hour,  
 With our *warm hand*, and our *hot breath*,  
 Have we not *wither'd* it to death ?  
 Apes *hug* their young and *lose* them so,  
 When we in our great folly go  
 The *same way* too, is't any *wonder*,  
 If the *wise God* doth put asunder  
*Us* and our *comforts* ? let's be wise  
 At last, oh let us now advise  
 What our *great duty* is, surely  
 'Tis to be *silent*, not ask why  
 God hath done this ? when he *consumes*  
*Man* for his *sin*, can all his *fumes*  
 Or *frets* within give *any ease* ?  
 Or cause the *hand* of *God* to cease  
 From the *least stroke* ? ah no ! how *vain*  
 Is't ? and how *sinful* to complain ?  
 Shall *sorry man* thus with his *Maker*  
*Contend* so *fiercely* ? be partaker  
 Of so *great guilt* , and not submit ?  
 But still remain in's *sullen fit*,  
 If we *continue* to do so,  
 May it not bring some *greater blow*  
*Down quick* upon us ? let's *Take heed*  
 Lest God in his great *wrath* proceed  
 Us *more* to punish ; we should rather  
 Seek to find him our *tender Father*,  
 By *humble*, *patient*, *child-like fear* ,  
 Let us *adore him* and *revere*

His holy Name. He's a good God  
 If we please him, his very rod  
 All dipt in honey shall relieve  
 And comfort give, when we *most* grieve.  
 As for our friend that now is gone,  
 Our dear Relation we bemoan,  
 So much, so long, let us rejoyce,  
 That though no more we hear her voice  
 'Mongst us poor mortals, yet she's where  
 Much better friends, Relations are.  
 She sings much sweeter tunes than ever,  
 She plays unwearied strains that never  
 Shall have an end, her aking head  
 Now akes no more, her restless bed  
 Pains her no more, her cries and groans  
 Are all turn'd to melodious tones;  
 Her cares, her griefs, her brinish tears  
 Are now all lost, and all her fears  
 Are vanish'd quite, she's laid to rest  
 In her Lords bosom, there's a nest  
 Of such strong comforts she ne're knew,  
 So fresh, so springing up a new,  
 That if we lov'd her, we must needs  
 Rejoyce to think what she there feeds  
 Upon for ever, what sweet smiles  
 She lives among? and what high piles  
 Of wealth and store she there enjoys?  
 While we remain still in the noise  
 Of a loud, clamerous, roaring world,  
 Where we from toyl to toyl are hurl'd,  
 Toss'd,

*Toss'd, vex'd, tormented more and more*  
*With turmeils, crosses, troubles fore,*  
*All sorts of sins, temptations, crimes*  
*Still us annoy i'th' best of times,*  
*We e're yet met with : every kind*  
*Of wants, diseases, griefs of mind,*  
*Sollicite us, we ne're are quiet,*  
*Nor ne're shall be, till the same diet*  
*She now feeds on, be ours also.*  
*Oh ! thither let's make haste to go*  
*In our affections first, and then*  
*At our last dissolution, when*  
*God shall appoint ; mean while let us*  
*Be in deaths oft, for we best thus*  
*Befriend our selves, by frequent fights.*  
*Of Death's black face, do cause the frights*  
*Thereof to cease ; familiar talk*  
*With a Death's head in every walk,*  
*'Midst all our mirths and banquettings,*  
*If we discern deaths glimmerings,*  
*If in our gardens and our bowers,*  
*And our converse among sweet flowers,*  
*Still we with death acquainted are ,*  
*And for his darts alwayes prepare,*  
*It ne're shall take us suddenly,*  
*Nor yet find us unfit to dye.*

## LXVI.

Now in the close of all I'll next,  
 Tell you the seasonable Text,

*Upon the*  
*words of the*  
 The

*Text, 1 Cor. 3. 22. Death is yours.* The Reverend Doctor pleas'd to take,  
 And did a *useful Sermon* make  
 At her Interments. Words were these,  
 Sweet *Death is yours*. Death gives you ease,  
 That *Death* which all *Believers* dye,  
 And by which though their *Bodies* lye  
 In *slimy Valleys* of the grave,  
 Yet those *same filthy slimes* they have  
 So *sweeten'd* by Christ's rich perfume,  
 (*His odours sure will ne're consume*)  
 That *there* they lye as if in beds  
 Of *fragrant Roses*, he that sheds  
*Salt* tears upon them doth but mingle  
*Bitter* with *sweet*; there's no one single,  
 No, nor yet *compound* smell that can  
 Match th' *Aromaticks* of that man,  
 In's very *grave*, that dyes a *Saint*,  
 His *Sepulcher* needs no rich *paint*.  
 Though what lyes there all *putrid* be,  
 Though *spoyl'd* in the *fine* symmetry  
 Of every part, yet I dare say  
 That at the *Resurrection* day  
 That *dust* shall blossom; a *new* flower  
 Shall *bud* and *blow* from thence; that power  
 That *urn'd* it there, with *better* scent  
 Shall *sweeten't*, and make *redolent*.  
 Most *costly odours* never gave  
 So *rich* a scent as *that* shall have.  
 This very *dust*, is *dust* of *Gold*,  
 Bought with *vast sums*, can ne're be told.  
*Christ's*

*Christ's own heart blood, that pretious thing*  
Was all paid for the purchasing  
*This very dust; this rotten mould*  
*Blest Angels one day shall behold*  
*Quickn'd again, immortaliz'd,*  
With *Christ's own* body similiz'd  
As vile as 'tis, *splendors of Glory*  
Shall *brighten* it, the *highest story*  
Of *bliss* it shall be *mounted to,*  
*So high, so very high,* that you  
Shall see the *twinkling starry globes*  
*Beneath* this dust, the *costly robes*  
It shall be vested with *out-shine*  
The *Sun at Noon*, all beams combine,  
When *this dry dust unites* again,  
To *fix* upon it, and remain  
In their *full lusters. Purity*  
Most incorrupt, *agility*  
Most quick and active, then shall be  
The *new rais'd bodies* property.  
If thus this *casket* as before,  
Shall be *embroidered* all o're  
With *richer things* then *Gems* or *Gold,*  
*More* then empearl'd. We may be bold  
To think the *jewel* lately pent  
Within it *much more Orient.*  
That *Diamonds* all glittering *Angles*  
More *sparkling* are than all the *spangles*  
We elsewhere see. The difference must  
Be *vastly great* betwixt *this dust*

And



And that which quicken'd it : the glory  
 As we do find by *sacred story*,  
 Which hath a reference to the tomb  
 And fleshly part, is yet to come.  
 But now the *Nobler part*, the mind,  
 If we consider well, we find,  
 Is in possession presently,  
 When it doth from its *body* flie.  
*Next moment* is it not transpos'd  
 From *Earth* to *Heaven* ? and repos'd  
 I'th' *bosom* of sweet rest and peace ?  
 Hath it not gain'd a full release ?  
 From *sins* ? *temptations* ? *miseries* ?  
 From all sorts of calamities ?  
 Hath it not left a *world* behind,  
 In which we nothing else can find,  
 But *vanities* and sore vexations,  
 With *thousand thousand molestations* ?  
 Hath it not *blisses* now, and store  
 Of such *high joyes* 't ne're knew before ?  
 Is't not *enrob'd*, *enthron'd*, *encrown'd* ?  
 With *brighter glories*, circled round  
 With lusters *more intense* by far  
 Than any in those orbes that are  
 Now visible to humane eyes ?  
 Doth not *Christs own sweet Vision* rise  
 Into *emperial culminations*,  
 Of *unapproached coruscations* ?  
 What is the *spangled Canopy*  
 Compar'd with *this bright fulgency* ?



Seated in this high *chair* of State  
 Doth not the *glorious* soul now hate  
*Sins* snares below ? *this* mire and clay  
 Which *here* 'twas *clog'd* with th'other day?  
 Doth it not now with *scorn* behold  
 This our *contemptuous* dirty mould ?  
 Is not the *very* *dust* it treads  
*Now made of Stars* ? are not the beds  
 Where *now* it takes *repose* the same,  
 Which *Christ himself* long'd till he came  
 Unto, when he his *life* had shed  
 And for poor sinners to *death* bled ?  
 While thus in *goodly* dignity  
 It sits aloft, *sublime*, and *high*,  
 While *Angel-like* it is array'd,  
 And all its *golden beams* display'd  
 Before its *Sovereigns beauteous* face,  
*Spouse of his heart*, and of his *Grace*  
 The large replenish'd subject is,  
 And reigns thus in *eternal* bliss :  
 While 'tis bedew'd, *embalm'd*, o're-run  
 With streams from this *ne're setting* Sun,  
 While all *sweet influential* Powers  
 And *virtues* down upon it showers,  
 While *Union, Vision, Joy* and *Rest*,  
*Peace, Light*, and *Glory* makes it blest,  
 While his love *warms, melts, and inflames*  
 The soul, while all the *pregnant* names  
 By which all *future good* is shown,  
 Unto this blessed soul are known,

While it partakes, sucks, feeds upon  
*All this*, as if it self alone  
 Injoy'd it all, and this for ever,  
 Must keep it *alwayes*, lose it never.  
 Tell me I pray what is thy thought  
 Of that *sweet death* such things hath  
 For *this* rais'd soul? what *Legacy* (wrought  
*More rich* could well be given by  
 Him, that by *death* gives such a life,  
 So full of *bliss*, so free from strife?

## LXVII.

*The character of a Believer's death.*

These things consider'd, now I shall  
 Proceed with *Truth* sweet death to call,  
 A *silver* bridge that passeth o're  
 All good souls to the other shore.  
 A *golden* key made to unlock  
 The *gates* of Glory to *Christ's* Flock,  
 To open *Wardrobes*, *Treasuries*,  
 Where all *rich* stores and *jewels* lyes.  
 A *sweet* sleep in *perfum'd* bed  
 Where *just* men rest their wearied head.  
 An *Officer* that gives possession  
 To him that makes *sincere* profession  
 Of all his hopes and expectations  
 With full compleat remunerations.  
 Accomplisher of his desires,  
 And what by *true* Faith he requires.  
 Performer of sweet Promises,  
 That easeth of all grievances.

*Remover* of his cares and fears,  
*Answers* all pray'rs, *wipes off* all tears.  
 That turns the *seed* into its *crop*,  
*Rich* grace into its *gallant top*  
 Of *Glory*; *roots* to *full-blown flowers*.  
*Griefs* drops into the *golden showers*  
 Of *Joy*; that *crowns* the *Conquerour*.  
 Who fought for *Christ*, the *labourer*  
 In *Wine-press* of *afflictions* great,  
*Rewards* his *sufferings*, *sorrow*, *sweat*  
 Which he with *patience* underwent,  
*Self-abnegation*, and *content*.  
 A *true Ship* that through *furging Sea*  
 Bears a *true Christian* quite away,  
 From *Rocks* and *quick-sands* to his *port*,  
 Which he seeks after, that *strong fort*  
 Which *men* and *divels* too cannot  
 Or *hurt*, or *batter*, with their *shot*.  
 The *ladder* by which up we *climb*  
 To th' place *not measur'd out* by *time*.  
 The *Mid-wife* of a *purer birth*;  
 An *In-let* to the *sweetest mirth*;  
 That to the *Bridegroom* gives his *Bride*,  
 Knits knots *no more to be unty'd*  
 Betwixt them, puts the *glittering Crown*  
 Upon her, and the *sumptuous Gown*  
 Of *needle-work* in *Ophir Gold*,  
 The *garment* which *ne're waxeth old*.  
 That with *August* inauguration,  
 Seats her in *highest installation*

'Mong those *bright mansions* which before  
Prepared were, and evermore  
Stand *firmly* fix'd. That dwelling place  
'Mong *beams* which from a *Saviour's* face  
Create *whole myriads* of blisses  
Perpetually, and never misses.  
If this be all the *alteration*  
That *death* makes by a *separation*  
Of *soul* and *body* for a space  
Till *both* meet in so high a place,  
Shall we not count it our *best* friend,  
That brings us to so *brave* an end?

---

# ACROSTIGKS.

## I.

S orrows how *great* ! How fast they come  
U pon our *hearts* ! how *burdensom* !  
S ighs, *sobs, griefs, tears*, most *bitter* moans  
A re our *food* now ! more *deep* *fecht* groans  
N e're came from *any* ; we are left

P ast *remedy* ; this *sudden* theft  
E ver *surprizeth* where he can  
R ich, *poor, small, great*, there is no man  
W hate're he be must look to scape  
I ts *killing stroke* ; upon his nape  
C ruel *assaults* will give their blow  
H is *life to end* before they go.

## II.

S ore *griefs* must needs *afflict* us when  
U ntimely death the *best* of men  
S natcheth away, when *Virgins young*  
A re *cropt i'th' bud*, and plac'd among  
N ight-*sepulchers* ; when we do see  
N ew *blossom'd Roses* scatter'd be  
A t deaths *black foot* : may not we say?

P itty, oh pitty us ! we pray

E specially since our *sad* griefs  
 R eturn so *fast*, and *no* reliefs  
 W ill *ease* our *heavy sinking* hearts,  
 I n midst of our most *doleful-smarts*.  
 C ome Lord, *true grace, peace, comfort* give  
 H ear us, give *answer, while* we live.

## III.

S he's *blest* no doubt, now she is gone  
 U nto her *Lord*; *Him, him* alone  
 S he *most* desir'd, and *lov'd* to meet  
 A s *Mary* did, where his *blest* feet  
 N ew *tydings* brought, of *such sweet* peace  
 N one knew before; she'd *never* cease  
 A t any time to *labour* after

P art of *these* toyes, that *fill* with laughter  
 E ternally; where she might find  
 R est, *Pleasures, Bliss*es for her *mind*:  
 W here she might sing *above* the skies  
 I n *sweeter* notes *new* melodies.  
 C hrist had her *heart*, his *bosom* she  
 H ath now got her *repose* to be.



## SUSANNA PERWICH.

Anagram I.

SIN'S WAN CAEAR UP.

**I**SSIN WAN? let's CHAR UP our hearts  
*I*'Tis *struck dead* by *Christs own* keen darts.  
 Though it leave *mortals, pale*, WAN, *dead*,  
 Yet 'twas it *self* first *conquered*.  
 Our WAN looks shall *revive* again, (reign  
 Let's CHEAR UP; when *Christ* 'gins to  
*Sin lives* no more: well't may look WAN  
 When it lyes *sprawling*, and ne're can  
 Get up again: its *deadly* wound  
 Admits *no* cure. How *sweet's* the sound  
 Of this *good* news unto our ears!  
 With how *great joy* our hearts itCHEARS!  
 Doth *she* CHEAR UP? is *her* *base* sin  
 Turn'd to *rich* Grace? *her* *drizzly* tin  
 Into *pure* gold? And *her* WAN looks  
 To *beauties*? do *joyes* pleasant brooks  
 Fill *her* with a *Felicity*  
*Ineffable, Eternally*?  
 Let *us* CAEAR UP too, may not *we*  
 Hope for the *same* as well as *she*?  
 No *doubt* we may, if *we* but *live*,  
 As *she* did *us* *example* give.  
 Then *we* (as *she*) may *hope* no more  
 To SIN or look WAN as before.

# SUSANNA PERWICH.

Anagram I I.

## PURCHASE SWAN-IN.

SWANS sing *most sweetly* when they dye,  
*Saints* do the *like* most usually.  
 But what's the IN such SWANS as these  
 Take *harbour* in with *well tun'd* layes ?  
 Is't not *bright Heav'n*, that *blissful* port,  
 The *chiefest* of all *Inns* of Court ?  
*Fair lodgings* there were furnished  
 For our *sweet Songster* that is dead.  
*Dove-like* she liv'd, *Swan-like* she dy'd,  
 And *Phenix-like* to *Heav'n* fly'd,  
 From that *low moorish River* here  
 She rais'd with many a *brinish* tear. (Iought  
 This *Heavens* SVVAN-IN she therefore  
 Of *whom*, and for *what*, 't might be bought,  
 And when at *last* she understood  
 No *other price* but *Christ's heart blood*  
 Could PURCHASE it, she then made bold  
 From *thence* to fetch *huge heaps* of gold  
 And paid down for't, whereby she made  
 A *gainful* PURCHASE: there's *no trade*  
 Like *this* with *Christ* to buy and sell  
 This her *experience* knew full well. (IN  
 So this *brave* PURCHASE *heavens* SWAN-  
 She makes, and now she dwells therein.

S U S A N N A H P E R W I C H E,

Anagram III.

AH! IC HEAV'NS PURE SUN.

*AH! I C* see now (*late dim half-Moon*)  
Bright HEAV'NS PURE SUN *in'ts glorious Noon.*

**M**oon-like before my *squallid* motions  
Swell'd all my banks with *brinish* lotions.  
*Broad* streams, *high* tydes flow'd and reflow'd,  
So that *huge* *Vessels* might have row'd  
I'th' *lowest* waters, - my griefs made  
So deep no foot therein could wade.  
But now methinks I look more *blith*  
Now I'm got in *conjunction* with  
My *blissful* S U N and source of light  
My day's now come, my *darksome* night  
Is gone and past; my *cold mist* drops  
Are all dry'd up: I'm on the tops  
Of *spicy* Hills: *Olympian* beams  
Send rowling out such *flaming* streams  
As me ingulf; I'm *circled* round  
With *glomerations* which abound  
Where *shades* were wont: *black miry* earth  
I've *changed* for HEAV'N by a *new birth*,  
Death *kill'd* me not, but gave a *life*  
Above all sorrow, sin, and strife.

What

What wisdom is't on earth to stay,  
For any that get HEAV'N may?  
Who would not turn his dross to Gold?  
*Pebbles to pearls? his dirty mould*  
*To all-tralucēt glittering beams?*  
*Foul muds into PURE Christal streams?*  
His prickng thornes to softest downes?  
His clods to stars? crosses to Crowns?  
Who would not change bitter for sweet?  
Vile gall for hony? with running feet  
Haste quick way to that brave place,  
Where he may see in's Saviour's face  
Ten thousand smiles, joyes, beauties, blisses,  
And thence receive millions of kisses  
Sweeter by far, than any Nectar;  
Which for our tears is an Elixar  
That turning them to silver balls,  
Stills all our groanings, cryes and brawles?  
I'm blind to earth now I Csee HEAV'N  
I'le feed no more on sins sowre leav'n.  
In stead of rags, I here wear Robes,  
And under feet tread spangling Globes.  
Here I walk round from Tower to Tower,  
And pass along from Bower to Bower.  
*Here Angels sing, there Cherubins,*  
*Arch-Angels here, there Seraphins.*  
I stand and listen in a gaze,  
I hear and see what doth amaze  
My ravish'd soul. Dominions high  
Here sit enthron'd, and there doth flie

A winged Chorus. Melodies  
 To what shril mounted strains they rise!  
*Hallelujah, Hallelujah,*  
 How they chant to great Jehovah!  
*Lutes, Viols, Harps, Cytherns, Gettars*  
 Compar'd with these, oh what harsh jars  
 Do they send forth! and what sad lowers  
 Sit on the looks of fairest flowers,  
*Colours, or beauteous faces here*  
 Compar'd with the bright objects there!  
 Visions I see incomparable,  
 Rare tunes I hear unutterable.  
 Fast am I held by ears and eyes,  
 Yet mine imagination flies  
 Farther and farther; therefore I  
 Away with speediest motions hye  
 To view where th'mighty Potentates  
 And all the rest o'th' glorious states  
 Do reign and rule; where all the Powers  
 And Principalities down showers  
 Their more than golden lusters; where  
 The several Heav'nly places are  
 I read of in that holy Word,  
 First did the knowledge me afford  
 Of these rare things: but most of all  
 I view the Seat Imperial, (ing rayes  
 Where HEAV'NS PURE SUN with glitter-  
 Sits, and his Majesty displayes  
 With most corruscant emanations,  
 Commanding lowliest adorations

From

From *highest Powers*. Oh what *pure lights*  
 Doth he *transfund* ! what *dazling sights*  
 Gives he ! 'tis true all Heaven o're  
 I see *high Thrones*, *myriads*, and more :  
 Yet all these are but th' *glimmerings* , he  
 Sheds from his *own dread effulgency*.

*All Crowns Vibrat* from his *great Crown* ;  
*Whole Thrones* from his *great Throne* drop down ;  
*Not single beams*, but *Suns*, *whole Suns*  
 From this **PURE SUN** still *streaming runs*.

As *sparks* from *huge great Di'monds* fall  
 While cut in numerous *Angles* all :  
 Or as *Gold Oar* from *mighty Mountains*,  
 Rowl in *small sands* through *silver fountains*.

The *Heav'n of Heav'ns* shines in his face,  
 He *brightens Glory* 't self : the place  
 Where he's *enthron'd all flaming* is,

So ever *radiantizing* 'tis,  
 That were it not *refracted* to

*Created eyes*, it would undo

The *boldest Angels* to behold

In *glimpse* not a *minute* old

The *splendors* of't , in *one straight line*

So *unapproach'd* is't in its *shine*.

Oh *glorious object* ! what *intense*

And *condens'd pleasures* fetch I *thence* !

Would't not me prove a *very sot* ,

If I *all ravished* should not

*Break out* in *wonders* ? therefore now

Without all *blame* you'l me allow



To joy that my *half-Moon's* thus drown'd  
 I'th' *Ocean lusters* me surround ;  
 And as *one wrapt up in a Trance*,  
*Wondering my wonders* still t'advance ,  
 And say, Ah ! I Csee with m'own eye,  
 Bright HEAV'NS PURE SUN eternally.

---

## E P I T A P H.

**H**ere *Beauties, Odors, Musicks* lye,  
 To shew that *such rare things* can dye.  
*Weep Passenger, weep, sigh, and groan,*  
 When was e're *such another* known ?  
 From *Heav'n* she came with *Melodies*,  
 And back again to *Heav'n* she flies.

---

Here

Here follow certain Copies of Verses, composed by  
some of the friends of the Deceased.

*In memory of that eminently Vertuous, his much  
honoured Cozen, Mrs. Susanna Perwich.*

(grown

**A**Nd what ! is death of late so *meal'd mouth'd*  
As to sleight *courser*, and to feed on none  
But nature's *choicest dishes* ? must her heart  
Needs feel the *point* of his *all-conquering* dart ?  
Could neither *Beauty, Vertue*, him provoke  
To hold his hand from this *sad fatal* stroke ?  
Could *they* have don't, then certainly we may  
Conclude that *she had liv'd still* to this day.  
'Tis no *Hyperbole* to say her mind  
Others in *rarest ex'lencies* out-shin'd.  
The *Vertues* which *elsewhere* lay scattered,  
Within her *breast* were all *concentered*.  
But why do I thus *stammer* out her worth ?  
There needs an *Angels tongue* to set it forth.  
Yet now she's gone; let not her *dear friends* weep,  
For she's not *dead*, but only *fall'n asleep*;  
Rather *rejoyce*, that God them *honour'd* so,  
Such a *rich gift* upon them to bestow.

With

With *whom* we leave her, and shall add but this,  
 In heavenly joyes her soul now *sollac'd* is;  
*Warbling out sweetest Anthems* bove the skies,  
 Not such as are found in the *Lythurgies*.  
 Well! what remains, but this *one wish*, that we  
 Who stay behind, may be *as good as she*?

S. R.

---

*Some serious thoughts let forth for my deceased  
 Friend, Mrs. Susanna Perwich.*

O H help me Muses, you that *softly* sing  
 In solitaires, bring me on your wing,  
 Where grief may *melt* me, and my tears extend,  
 To touch, each loyal heart that means to spend  
 Some *select* mournings, that our lives may be  
 The perfect Emblems of true Piety.  
 We know our frailties, and we can't express  
 It more to *purpose* (mortals) see this *Herse*  
 Whereon doth lye, the body of our Friend,  
*A soul too good, too great, too soon to end;*  
 And yet *her star* is not extinct, for she  
 Triumphs in glory over misery.

What

What mean then thus our thoughts to mourn, oh  
 Do they complain ? will still my *watery* eye (why  
 Dissolved be in tears ? stop, stop, no more  
 Of thy distilling ; peace, 'tis time, give o're.  
 Lift up thy down-cast senses , see her *set*  
*In beams of brightness*, labour thou to get  
 To her preferment, and thou maist be sure  
 Thou wilt exchange thy dross for what is pure.  
 Call home thy dunghil cogitations, be  
 An imitator of her charity.

Abound in goodness, and let love invite  
 Thee to her pattern , for her sole delight  
 Was to be *pious, courteous, sweet* to all ;  
 Not vainly proud, nor subject to have gall.  
 Free to forgive the greatest wrongs, and she  
 Never took pleasure in much jolity ;  
 But *wisely ponder'd* in her serious cell  
 'Twas best becoming wisdom for to dwell  
 Within its proper walls, and there to be  
 Protected from injurions falsity.  
 In sum, her life was such as might have been  
 A *Nautick-card*, to guide the best of men.

I. H.

Up.

*Upon that incomparable Lady, Mrs. Susanna Per-  
wich, the miracle of her Age, for all Excel-  
lencies, both Spiritual and Temporal.*

(grief,

W<sup>A</sup>at ails my thoughts? I'm *haunted* so with  
That to my mind *nothing* can yeeld relief.  
What do I ask the reason? it is plain,  
Ha'n't *every* face an *Elegiack* strain?  
*Great* sorrow can't be *smother'd*, in each eye  
Appear the *sad* complaints of misery.  
What are we mortals now at last bereft  
Even of that *little* which the *Fall* had left?  
What is *that* Lady struck by *death's* keen darts,  
In whom *concentred* all the *heavenly* Arts?  
*Thus* *sad* were mortals, when *Astrea* flew  
To *Heaven*, and bid the *cursed* earth adieu.  
I'm nought but *stormes* within, they'l not be *pent*,  
My heart must *break*, or I must give them *vent*.  
Come then my *Muse*, try if *rais'd* by her *fall*,  
Thou canst her *image* to my *mind* recall:  
Her *beauty* and *rare* features I'll forbear,  
Lest *thinking* on them, I should *surfeet* there.

I'll boast not of her *blood*, though in her *face*,  
Both *Lancaster* and *York* had *equal* place:  
But she was *Musicks Master-piece*, a wonder,  
Oh that I could but *run division* on her.  
What means this sudden stroke? did *Pallas* fear  
(*Musicks great Goddess*) to be *challeng'd* here  
In her own *Art*, and lose that *glorious* name,  
Which hath so *sounded* in the trump of *fame*?  
Or wa'n't the *heavenly Lyra* sweet alone,  
To make a *Consort*? is she *thither* gone?  
When *hospitality* out of *England* went,  
She's said to've yeelded up her *breath* in *Kent*;  
So *Musick* in her, whom we now *bemoan*,  
I fear will prove to've given its *last groan*.  
If she *unseen* did sing, I *wish'd* to be  
*All ear*; if after that I her did see,  
My wish was *chang'd*, I fain would be *all eye*,  
That so I might her *glorious* gifts espie.  
Sure *nature* framed her for this intent,  
That of *their wishes* men might still repent.  
*Orpheus* his *well tun'd* soul in her did live,  
If to *Pythagoras* we may credit give;  
He made the *eared Oaks* dance to his *layes*,  
And *dul ler stones* the walls of *Thebes* to raise.  
But what is more, she *stony Rocks* could move,  
Rough



*Rough tempers mild* after her play would prove,  
But if you look on skill in *Musicks Art*,  
What is *most rare*, she had a *well-tun'd heart* :  
For although others the *sphears harmony*  
Could never hear, because o'th' *neise* and cry  
Of *worldly things*, yet sure she this had heard,  
Her soul to *Heaven* was so often rear'd :  
She ne're was so well pleas'd with *Musicks airs*,  
As when she *rosè to Ela* in her prayers :  
'Twas far more pleasure to her, and content,  
To tune her heart, than tune her *Instrument*.  
Those rarities that in her breast did lye,  
She cloathed all with rich *Divinity*.  
When the *three Goddesses* did each contend  
For th' *golden Ball*, *Paris* did recommend  
It unto *Venus* ; but *she* unto *Grace*,  
On th' contrary did give the *chiefeft* place ;  
For though those *earthly Syrens* did their part,  
That each might gain that *golden Ball*, her heart ;  
Yet she did stop her ears to all their strife,  
And gave it unto *Christ*, the *Lord of Life*.  
She was our *Phenix*, but this breaks my heart,  
Her *ashes* can't another *Life* impart :  
But is she dead ? and did not every thing,  
*Rush into its first Chaos once again ?*

122 *Upon that incomparable Lady, Mrs. Sus. Per.*

For since the *harmony* o'th' world is gone,  
I expect nothing but *confusion*.

*Philosophy* now fails, that argument

It us'd to prove the *Heavens* are permanent,

*In her's confuted*, for her *perfect form*,

Could not *discharge* her body from the *worm*.

E. B.

---

## UPON

Mistris

S ure there are *mysteries* hid in this Name,

U nder it's comprehended so great fame.

S earch well the *Holy Language*, *Rabbins* all,

A nd see what mean the *letters radical*.

N e're were a *Females* parts improv'd so high,

N ature in *her* did meet with *industry* :

A nd every letter in *this Name* sure will

P rove *Hieroglyphicks* of her *various* skill.

E qual to her were none, for *parts*, or *worth*,

R eligion yet did *chiefly* set her forth. (way ,

W eep Reader, weep, this fair one's snatcht a-

I n her best years she felt her strength decay.

C an any read this without *sighs*, and say,

H ere lyes a mirror wrapped up in clay ?

*Idem.*

*An eLegle on that peerLess VIrGIn, SVfanna  
PerWICH, Paragon of aLL VertVe, the  
fLoVrIshIng gLory of her seXe,  
Who LateLy DeCeaseD,  
DDCCLLLLLLLXVVVVVVVVVVVIII.*

(sobs give way,

**V**ould tears permit, would sighs and  
My honest Muse her mournful debt  
(would pay

Unto thy Herse, dear Saint. Can grief give *time*,  
Or knows it *measure*, can't compose a *Rhime*?  
*Strong duty* bids it try, though't be confus'd,  
*Grief* to trim *Dress*, or *Order* is disus'd.

Now from the *Fortress* of my love-stor'd heart  
Officious words would fally, to bear part  
I'th'rites, but by an *ambushment* of tears  
Surpriz'd: I'll try again devoid of fears.

Now try we if't be true, or meer surmises,  
That from the *Phenix* urn another rises:  
If this prove true, 'twil give our *grief* a *lank*,  
Whose prouder swelling laughs at *bound* or *bank*.

Were I in *Scot* a *Petrolitan*  
 Holding that mannerly *devotion* ran (lobe  
 Through th' *Conduits* of the *Saints* : her *Name* a-  
 I would *adore*, at her *shrine* make my moan.

If not by *Precept*, but by *Precedent*  
 (*A breathing Precept*) *Vertue* best is sent  
 Into the *soul*, behold a *perfect Guide*,  
 In whom all *Vertues* are *exemplifi'd* :  
*Courtca'd* by strong *Temptations* to be proud,  
 Yet in *Fames* silver *Trumpet* sounds aloud  
 Her great *Humility* ; which was the ground  
 Whereon her other *Vertues* flower'd were found.  
 This *vertue* is the ground on which the rest  
 Run sweet *division* in a fair contest.

On this firm *Basis* that bright *Fabrick* stands ,  
 Which kisses *Heaven* and the *Clouds* commands,  
 So many *excellencies* were her lot,  
 One in anothers *beauty* is forgot.

As calm she was in words as in desires,  
 Knew not her *Sexes* tempests nor their fires.  
 Some are but fairer *Æolus* his *Dens* ,  
 In which the winds and blustering *storms* he pens.

*Beauty*, *Proportion*, *Colour* do define ,  
 To which some graceful *motion* well adjoyn ;  
 Whereto may voice be added, all these here

Conspir'd to place her fame above a Peer.

Though chaste and comely seldom we do see  
In high degrees (at least) conjoyn'd, yet *she*  
Was Beauties darling, Modesties delight,  
Giving as rare as ravishing a sight.

Hackney, the Ladies University  
Of Female Arts the famous Nursery;  
Which in their kind at least, may well compare  
With those of th' other Sex; what Arts so rare  
Which are not liberally furnish'd here?  
Mathematicks they count within their *Sphear*;  
Arithmetick in musick couch'd you'll find;  
Geometry hath in their dancing shin'd.  
Astronomy's best read i' th' Ladies eyes;  
Rhetorick first from women did arise;  
Their Logick, Will, our Reason doth desire;  
There are Grammarians for Orthography. (*Muse*  
Tongues there abound. Blame not in improper  
In Elegies still Elogies we use.

This University she grac'd, wherein  
To the chief Colledge Students she did win.  
She there proceeded highest Graduate,  
Mistress of Arts that are profess'd thereat.  
How great a loss that University  
Of her bereft sustain'd! how great's the cry

Of that fam'd *Colledge*, which she did adorn  
 Which knows but one *long night* without a *morn*?  
 How *dumb's* their *Musick* and their *dancing lame*!  
 Or if *both's* good, yet *neither* is the *same*.  
 Those pretty *Doves eyes* with *griefs* needle seil'd,  
 They *prick* their *fingers* till their *works* blood  
     In all the *needles Curiosities*                      (yeeld.  
 Exactly she was *read*, *view*, *wipe your eyes*.  
 In *dancing* reach'd *perfection* of the *foot*,  
 Yet not with *labour* much *gave her mind to't*.  
 Her *Musick* jars *Division* in this *strife*,  
 Whether she *sang* or *plaid* more to the *life*,  
 That *subdivided*, whether on the *Lute*  
 Or *Viol* best her *fingers* sweet did *sute*.  
 Her *Hand* and *Ear* fell out which should be *best*  
 The *Hands* none such by *all* she is *confest*.  
 In all her *Exercises* *shown* such *Art*  
*Neglectedly* concerned in each part,  
 As if to her they *all* were *natural*,  
 Or she to them were *supernatural*;  
 And so in truth she was, her nobler *Fire*  
 Unto a *higher Region* did *aspire*.  
 This by her *bearing* is well *figur'd* out,  
 Which rightly doth her *represent* *devout*.  
 The *Field* is *Argent*; *charge*, a *Chevron sable*



*Betwixt three Eaglets, which to view are able  
Her Crest, a Southern Sun, in Noon-tide glory,  
Thus Eagles prove their young, in Natures story.*

*Not silken Arts, nor graceful steps, nor dresses,  
Not modish ordering heart-ensnaring Tresses,  
Not Art with Nature, Instrument with Voice  
Can make a Female Glory to rejoyce;  
Nor Natures paint, but much less that of Art,  
By which your Dames of pleasure make their mart,  
But a bright burnish'd mind, whose lustre vies  
With the Celestial Lamps, dazzling all eyes.*

*I th' Heavenly Academy she was verst,  
Knowledge there's tasting, things are not rehearst  
But done, not only for a blaze prest,  
But Action there with constant heat is blest;  
In the Celestial University  
She now degrees of Glory takes more high.*

*She once blest Earth, while acting on this stage  
Now gives Heavens Book of Bliss another Page,  
Which gives me greater Amours, and much  
I long to read it now, than e're before. (more*

*You'l say, my Muse soars not so high a flight  
As justly rates her worth; confest, 'tis right  
One cause is this, her wings with grief are wet;  
Or else her Lute had strain'd a nobler set.*

## To the READER.

Courteous Reader.

**S**OME pages of this sheet being left void for want of matter, rather than they should stand empty, I have filled them up with short practical Quæries, grounded (for the most part) upon such pregnant Scriptures as have the answer still perspicuous in them, the rest may be supplied with answers from the mind of the Reader, either negatively or affirmatively, according to the nature of the Quæries. And because my aim is to speak something that hath a particular reference to all sorts of sins and duties, I have therefore put my Quæries accordingly; and for the more delight and variety, disposed them into a miscellaneous order. At first indeed, I thought to have filled up this sheet only, and no more, but my hand being in, I proceeded to a double century and somewhat more, and have divided them into Decads, for the better help of memory, and to prevent weariness; so remaining an hearty well-wisher to thy souls best good, I subscribe,

John Bachiler.

I. DE-

## I. DECAD.

1. **V**Hether the *imputed* Righteousness of Jesus Christ by Faith, be not the true formal cause of a Believers *Justification*? whether the *satisfaction* he hath made to his Father's *Justice* on behalf of the Elect, be not *sufficient*? whether the merits of his *Active and Passive* obedience, do not arise from the *dignity* of his Person? and whether he that denies this, doth not make the *Gospel* void? *Esa.* 53. throughout, *2 Cor.* 5. 21. *Mat.* 3. 17. *Heb.* 7. 25, 26, 27. compared with *Rom.* 4. 14. *Gal.* 3. from 17. to 27. & Chap. 4. 5.

2. Whether he that affirms *total* and *final* falling away from *special* Grace, be not a down-right *Arminian*, and Cozen-German to a *Papist*?

3. Whether he that holds the *power*

*wer of nature* (otherwise called Free-will) may not strongly be suspected to be *unknown* to himself, or at least not to take *due notice* of the workings of *sin* and *Grace* in his own heart?

4. Whether one may not be a *zealous* Preacher against sin, and for *inherent* Grace, in order to *justification* thereby, and yet be a *Jesuit*, or every whit as *bad*, whatever his *pretence* may be to the contrary? and whether such may not be accounted *upholders* of the doctrine of *merit*, and *establisshers* of their *own* Righteousness? *Rom.* 10. 3.

5. Whether it be possible to cover a sinners *spiritual nakedness* with any other garments, but *those* which Christ wears on his *own back*? *Rev.* 3. 18.

6. Whether the Righteousness of Christ applyed by Faith, be not both *coat of Mail* and *cloth of Gold*; and such too, as nothing can either *pierce*  
or

or *sully* ? and whether he that hath *this* upon him, be not both *securely* and *bravely* arrayed from head to foot ? *Eph.* 6. 11. compared with *Rev.* 1. 13.

7. Whether any other robes have such *rich embroideries*, or are hung with so *many*, and so *costly Jewels*, as those robes of Christ, which both *himself* and his *People* wear ? *Es.* 61. 10. *Cant.* 1. 10, 11.

8. Whether Christ hath any *Dowry* with his *Bride* ? and whether her *Wedding clothes* are not of his providing, *Ezek.* 16. 13, 14. compared with *Rev.* 21. 2.

9. Whether it was not an *unparallel'd love* for Christ, to account the day of *Espousals*, with one that had neither *Beauty*, *Parentage*, nor *Portion*, to be the day of the gladness of of his heart ? *Cant.* 1. 6. *Eze.* 16. 3, 4, 5, 6. compared with *Cant.* 3. 11.

10. Whether by the *Queens*, her being all glorious within (*Psal.* 45. 13.)

13.) and by her clothing of wrought Gold, be not meant, the *splendors* of Grace in the heart, and the *shine* of them in the Life ?

## II. DECAD.

11. Whether, if Grace be the Flower, sincerity and godly simplicity, be not the lasting fragrancy and beauty of that Flower ?

12. Whether the *Flames* of Divine Love are not most *vehement*, even flames of God ? and whether those flames are not raised and maintained from the *sweetest Fuels* ? *Cant.* 8. 6. compared with Chap. 1. 12.

13. Whether these flames shall ever go *quite out* for want of fuel, or can be *extinguished*, either by men or devils ? *Jer.* 31. 3. compared with *Rom.* 8. 35. to 39.

14. Whether the *very best duties* of the *best Saints*, have not need of Christ's perfumes, to *sweeten* them ?  
and



and whether *much incense* be not therefore added to their Prayers, because they are in themselves *very unsavory*, and from very *noysom hearts* ?  
 Rev. 8. 3.

15. Whether in the *golden Vials* (mentioned Rev. 5. 8.) though the *Prayers* are the *Saints*, the *odours* are not *Christ's* ? and whether the reason why they are all called *odours*, be not, because the *denomination* is alwayes from the better part ?

16. Whether *fervent* Prayers from *holy hearts*, make not as *sweet a smell* in Heaven, as their praises make *melodies* ? *Psal.* 141. 2. *Cant.* 2. 14.

17. Whether a soul can truly *live* without *Christ* any more than the *Body* without *wholesom food*, *Joh.* 6. 27, 32, 33.

18. Whether the *highest Angels* feed on *better dainties* than the *meanest Saint* ? and whether the *Love of God* be not a *full* and a *sumptuous Feast* ? *Psal.* 36. 7, 8. & 34. 8. compared with *Esa.* 25. 6.

19. VVhe-

19. Whether the *hardest* heart doth not *drink* in the Love, and *melt* in the Blood of Christ, as sugar *sucks* up, and *melts* in wine? Rom. 5. 5.

20. Whether one can begin *too soon* to love God? or can love him *too much*? or can suffer or lose, or do *too much* for him? and whether he doth not deserve the very best of all we have? the *best* of our time? the *best* of our affections? the *best* of our enjoyments? and accordingly whether he doth not *expect* it? Deut. 6. 5. Gen. 4. 4. compared with Mal. 1. 8.

### III. DECADE.

21. Whether true *saving Faith* may not well be said to have an *Eagles eye*, since in a *right line* it can look on the *brightest Sun*, the Sun of Righteousness? Esa. 45. 22. compared with Mal. 4. 2.

22. Whether a weak Faith, like a *palsy hand*, may not lay hold on a *pardon* or *purse of gold*? the woman  
came

came *trembling* to Christ, *Luke* 8. 47.  
*Mark* 9. 24. *Joh.* 6. 37.

23. Whether the lowly grace of *Humility*, like the delicate scented *Violet*, that even kisseth the earth, and as 'twere *hides* it self under its own leaves, be not as *sweet* as any of the *Taller* graces? and whether this be not a *thriving Grace*? *Psal.* 25. 9. *Prov.* 29. 23. *Jam.* 4. 6. 1 *Pet.* 5. 5.

24. Whether they have not the *quickest* and *best* hearing, who have an ear in their *heart* that *listens* to, and *bears* the smallest motions of the *Spirit of Grace*? *Esa.* 30. 21.

25. Whether Faith and Love are not a pair of *golden wings*, with which a gracious heart flies to *Heaven* every day? *Psal.* 111. 1. & 143. 9.

26. Whether the *lowest sighs* from a broken heart, do not make the *loudest Prayers*? and whether a Prayer upon the knee, will ever reach Heaven, unless it be a Prayer on the wing too? *Psal.* 51. 17. *Esa.* 37. 4.

27. Whether all the day long, wheresoever or howsoever employed, the sending up of *frequent ejaculations* to Heaven, be not to drive a secret, but *thriving trade* for Grace, and the comforts of it? *Psal.* 139. 17, 18. *Esa.* 26. 8, 9.

28. Whether any one truly penitent groan, was ever *unheard* of God? or one penitent tear *unseen* or *unbottled* up by him? and whether God will defer the deliverance of his afflicted People *one moment* longer than is necessary? *2 King.* 20. 5. *Psal.* 56. 8. *1 Pet.* 1. 6.

29. Whether he that suffers or loseth *most* for Christ, be not the *greatest* gainer? *Mat.* 5. 11, 12. *Rom.* 8. 17, 18. *2 Cor.* 4. 17.

30. Whether by some mens lives and actions, it may be supposed, that they do really believe there is a God, a day of Judgement, an Heaven and an Hell?

## IV. DECAD.

31. Whether the *death of many righteous* in a few months time, be not a *sad prognostication* of much evil to come? and whether *every day* of our life, we ought not seriously to think of, and carefully prepare for the *hour of our death*? *Esa. 57. 1. Job 14. 14. Psal. 90. 12.*

32. Whether a covert under the wings of the Almighty, be not a *safe and a warm place* in stormy times? and whether they may not reckon themselves secure whom *God keeps*? *Psal. 91. 1, 4.*

33. Whether the bosom of God be not the *sweetest, highest and brightest* place in Heaven? and whether it be not the place where *Abraham lyes*? *Luk. 16. 23.*

34. Whether his case be not to be lamented, who makes it his *business* so to live, as to *dye a fool*? and whether a poor *Lazarus* be not in an happier

condition than he? *Luk. 12. 20. & Chap. 16. 22.*

35. Whether he that refuseth to answer *God's Calls and Counsels in the time of his Life*, can expect God's answers to his calls and cries at the *hour of his death*? *Prov. 1. 24 to 31.*

36. Whether *Fornicators, Adulterers*, and other such like, shall not do well to consider, that God's eye is *broad open* upon them at *midnight*, when *no candle* is in the room, *no company there*, and the curtains drawn round about them? and whether he doth not see their *thoughts too*, as well as their actions? *Psal. 90. 8. & 139. 1 to 14. Heb. 13. 4.*

37. Whether, if *every idle word must be accounted for*, as certainly it shall, *Mat. 12. 36.* it will not be sad with them, whose mouths belch forth nothing but *oaths, cursings, blasphemies, scurrilities*, all manner of filthy communications, and bitter revilings against God, his wayes and

Peo-



People? *Psal.* 10. 7. *Rom.* 3. 13, 14.  
*1 Pet.* 2. 23. *Jude* 15.

38. Whether the righteous God be not *engaged* to a severe punishment of the *wrongs and injuries* done to him and his? and whether present forbearance will pass for payment; or doth not make way rather for the *heavier blows* at last? *Psal.* 37, 12, 13. *Eccles.* 8. 11, 12. *Prov.* 11. 21.

39. Whether *God will be mocked*, or doth not take notice of the intolerable *insolencies* of prophane *scoffers* at his *Holy things*, especially his servants the *Prophets*, and the *messages* which they bring? and whether this was not one great cause of all that wrath that brake out against *Judah*, when they were carried away captives into *Babylon*? *2 Chron.* 36. 16. *Gal.* 6. 7.

40. Whether the terrible Judgements of God, in the present death of *four of the Actors of the passion of Christ*, upon the very place where, and

while they were acting it (mentioned by *Philip Melancthon*) are not to be taken notice of by such as adventure on such *bold attempts* ?

## V. DECAD.

41. Whether *Idolatry* were not one *principal sin*, that sent the ten Tribes into *perpetual captivity* ? and whether the practise of it among Christians, be not one great *hindrance* of the *conversion* of the *Jews*, who having smarted so *much* and so *long* together for that sin, do they not now dread to come where it is, or to embrace *that Religion* that is defiled with it ? 2 *King.* 17. 7. to 19.

42. Whether the worshipping of the true God, after a *false manner*, be not *Idolatry* in the Scripture account, as well as the worshipping of a *false God* ? and whether God cares for any worshippers, but *such as worship him in Spirit and Truth* ? *Ezek.* 43. 8. *John* 4. 24.

43. Whe-

43. Whether a *little pollution*, mixt with the *pure Doctrine*, *Discipline* and *Worship* of God be not like a *little spider* in a cup of *rich wine*, which may poyson it as well as a bigger? and whether God doth not expect full as great *care and caution* about the matter and manner of his *Worship* in the *dayes of the Gospel*, as he did in the *dayes of Moses*, who was not to vary in the least, from the *pattern that was shewed him in the Mount*? *Exod. 35. 40. Ezek. 44. 7, 8.*

44. Whether it be not the *peculiar Office* of the Spirit of God, to teach his People to pray? and whether any prayers will be accepted, but such as he *dictates*? *Rom. 8. 15, 26, 27. Psal. 10. 17.*

45. Whether *seeming grace* or holiness, will qualifie a man for happiness, any more than *real sins*? and whether those *Scribes and Pharisees*, which our Saviour calls *Hypocrites*, in their external acts of worship, and

publick profession of Religion, were not in appearance very *devout men*? *Mat. 23. 14, 25, to 30. Phil. 3. 4, 5 6.*

46. Whether any leaven so *sowers* the Conscience? any thorn so *sharply pricks* it? any dagger so *deeply wounds* it, as hy pocrisie? *1 Cor. 5. 8. Prov. 18. 14.*

47. Whether *Swearers, Drunkards, Whore-masters*, or any other prophane persons and lewd livers, be any whit the *better men*, because they go to *Divine Service* twice a day, and perhaps can say all the Prayers without book too ( being so often used to them) unless they *truly repent and reform*? *Esa. 29. 13. Jer. 7. 9, 10, 11.*

48. Whether the Gospel should not be preached *in season and out of season*? and whether, where *vision fails*, the people are not in danger of *perishing*? *2 Tim. 4. 2. Prov. 29. 18.*

49. Whether the *darkness*, occasioned among a People, by the absence

fence of the *Sun of Righteousness*, and his *shining Gospel*, be not far greater, and more *terrible* than that of *Ægypt*, it being a deprivation of a *more glorious Light*? *Luk. 1. 79.*

50. Whether they that cannot endure the *light* of the Gospel, have not *fore eyes*? and they that cannot *see the light* of it when it shines brightly, are not *stark blind*? and whether they that do their utmost to extinguish it, are not willing to have themselves and deeds *undiscovered*, and so go to Hell *without stop*? *Joh. 3. 19, 20. Eph. 5. 13. 2 Cor. 4. 3, 4.*

## VI. DECADE.

51. Whether Christ his *local descent* into Hell, were an Article of the Christian Faith, the first 400. years after Christ? and whether those words of our Saviour upon the Cross, *It is finished*, (*Joh. 19. 20.*) do leave any ground to believe that he suffered *any pain*, or felt any *farther wrath* of

of God afterwards, as common People are apt to conceive, by those words of his, *Descending into Hell?*

52. Whether the words of *that Article* in the Creed, *Crucified, dead and buried*, do not sufficiently express Christ his remaining in the *state of the dead*, without the addition of any other words? and if they do, whether then the following words must not be taken in a *distinct sense?* or else be liable to the danger of a *Tautology?*

53. Whether the *Lords day* doth not consist of as *many hours* as any other day? and whether it ought not to be *wholly set apart*, either for personal duties in *secret*; or for private duties in the *Family*; or for publick duties of Piety in the *Congregation*, and of charity among *Neighbours*, as occasion requires? *Exod.* 20. 8, 9, 10, 11. & Chap. 31. 13, to 18. *Levit.* 19. 3, 30. *Mat.* 12. 1, to 9.

54. Whether a great and *strict charge* doth not lye on Parents and  
Go-



Governours of Families, to *Catechize Children and Servants*, and to instruct them in the *admonition and nurture of the Lord*? and whether the want of this be not one *great hindrance* to the work of the Gospel in the *publick ministration* of it? *Deut. 6. 6, 7. Prov. 22. 6. Eph. 6. 4.*

55. Whether the *want* of frequent and plain Preaching and pressing the *fundamentals of Religion*, by the Ministers of the Gospel, be not one *chief occasion* of the great ignorance and confusion, that is ordinarily found in the minds of People, about matters of *Faith and Practise*, and of their aptness to be seduced into errors?

56. Whether it may be ever hoped for in *this world*, that *all men* shall be *just of a mind*, or of the same opinions and apprehensions (in matters disputable at least) any more than all to be of *one and the same complexion and feature* in their faces? *1 Cor. 1. 12. & Chap. 3. 3, 4, 5, 6. & Chap. 12. 4, 5.*

57. Whe-

57. Whether Parents ought not to bear a *great reverence* towards their Children, in *doing* and *saying* nothing in their *sight* and *hearing*, which they are unwilling to have them learn or practise? and whether *evil communication* in them as well as others, doth not *corrupt good manners*? 1 Cor. 15. 33. Eph. 4. 29.

58. Whether *often dropping* savory and good speeches among those we have ordinary converse with, in *design to win souls*, or to quicken grace in our selves and others, be not a sowing of *precious seed*, that will be sure to come up at one time or another in a *fruitful Harvest*? and whether *Abraham, Joshua, and David*, with other eminent Saints in Scripture, were not wont to be much employed this way? Gen. 18. 19. Josh. 24. 15. Psal. 34. 11. Prov. 31. 1, to 10. Prov. 1. 1, 3, 4. & Chap. 10. 21.

59. Whether he that *willingly* and *constantly* neglects the duties of *secret me-*

*meditation* and *Prayer* betwixt God and his own soul, may pass in charity for a *good Christian*? *Mat.* 6. 5, 6.

60. Whether a *cold, flat, dull spirit* of *Prayer* among Gods People, be not a *sad symptom*, both of their *unfitness* to suffer afflictions, and *unpreparedness* for deliverance out of it? *Esa.* 43. 22. and whether when God *intends* mercy, he doth not give an heart to *pray earnestly* for it? *Jer.* 29. 10, to 15.

## VII. DE CAD.

61. Whether the *flood-gates* of all manner of sins standing open among a People, and *no stop* put to them, will not let in also *inundations of judgments*? and whether in such times there can be any more than *two parties* found, either such as willingly partake of the *common guilt*, or such as *sigh and cry* for the *abominations* committed among them? *Lam.* 1. 8, 9. *Ezek.* 9. 4.

62. Whe-

62. Whether those that live most *holily*, mourn for their own and the Nations sin most affectionately, and pray for their Prince most *fervently*, are not the best subjects ? 1 *Tim.* 2. 1, 2.

63. Whether *pure Religion*, and *undefiled*, doth not consist in the conscientious performances of the duties of *both Tables*, viz. of *Holiness towards God, and Righteousness towards men* ? and whether he that most truly *fears God*, doth not most truly *honour the King* too ? and whether the *second* must not needs be affirmed, where the *first* is granted ? 1 *Pet.* 2. 17. *Act.* 24. 16.

64. Whether there can be any *comfort* in suffering, unless it be for *well doing* ? and whether a man hath not need of a *very good and cleer cause*, that lyes in a Prison for it ? 1 *Pet.* 3. 17.

65. Whether *Prayers and tears* are not the Saints weapons, and af-  
ter

ter their death too ? and whether by these they may not hope to prevail against their adversaries in due time, *Rev.* 6. 9, 10. *Exod.* 2. 23, 24, 25.

66. Whether injuries, especially for *God's* sake, are not *patiently* to be *born*, rather than *revenged* ? and whether *Christ himself* give not a great example and proof of it ? *Luk.* 6. 28, 29. *1 Pet.* 2. 23.

67. Whether it was not *providential*, that the name of the first man that dyed for the Christian Religion (*Stephen*) should signifie a *Crown* ? and whether that crowned Emperour, *Philip the Arabian* ( Successour to *Gordianus* ) who in the time of the 7th. persecution was slain, because a Christian, was not advanced to a much *higher dignity* than he had before, by his being *crowned* with *Martyrdom* ? *2 Tim.* 4. 7, 8. *Jam.* 1. 12. *Rev.* 2. 10. & 3. 21.

68. Whether a *Prison* for *Christ's* sake, doth not become a *Pallace* and  
place

*place of glory*, and a close stinking dungeon, a *Paradise* of sweetest pleasures? and whether Christ himself be not *fellow-Prisoner* there? *Rev.* 2. 10. *Act.* 12. 7. & 16. 25. *Mat.* 25. 36.

69. Whether fires of the *Saints Bodies* are not made of the *richest fuels*? and whether God smells not *sweet savours* from *these flames*? *Phil.* 2. 17. *Rom.* 12. 1.

70. Whether the *Ashes* of holy Martyrs, are not reserved in *golden urnes*? and whether the most *lasting perfumes*, are not found in the *graves* of those that dye *in, and for Christ*, especially since Christ himself and his odours lay in a grave? *Joh.* 19. 39, 40, 41. 1 *Thef.* 4. 14, 16.

## VIII. DECAD.

71. Whether the History of the *ten persecutions*, especially the Martyrdoms of the Apostles, of *Epagathus*, *Zenon*, and other Noble men of *Rome*, of *Ignatius Bishop of Antioch*,  
of



of *Eustachius*, one of *Hadrian's* most valiant Generals of his Armies, of *Polycarpus* Bishop of *Smyna*, of *Felicitas* and her seven Sons, of *Germanicus Sanctus*, *Maturus*, *Attalus*, *Laurentius*, *Blandina*, with very many others, are not most pleasing and profitable to be read in *suffering times*?

72. Whether *visions* of God, and his holy Angels, to some of the afore-said *Martyrs*, and their fellows, did not fill them with *ineffable joyes* in the midst of their greatest sufferings? and whether the *intensness* and *sweetness* thereof, were not the true reason (as the Writers of these things report) why from morning to night they could endure such *exquisite torments*, as *burning plates*, *scalding lead*, *boylng oyles*, and many other such like, inflicted on their *naked bodies*, as if they had never felt them? 1 *Pet.* 4. 13, 14. *Heb.* 10. 35. & 12. 2.

73. Whether *some* may not be killed, but *not hurt*? and *others* not on-

ly dye, but be *killed by death*? *Rev.* 2. 11, 23.

74. Whether all the world be not a place of *exile* to him, whose *Country* is Heaven? and whether a Believers *home* can be any where but in his *Fathers house*? *John* 14. 2. *Heb.* 11. 13, 14, 15, 16.

75. Whether Holiness be not the *beauty of youth*, and the *glory of old age*? the *shine* of this, and of the other world? *Prov.* 1. 8, 9. & 16. 31.

76. Whether the *Sun* in the firmament hath *half* so many beams and influential powers, as the *Covenant of Grace* hath consolations? and whether the Promises are not the *breasts* thereof, and so full, that the Babes of Christ can never *empty* them by sucking? *Heb.* 6. 17, 18. 2 *Pet.* 1. 4. *Esa.* 66. 11, 12.

77. Whether God be not such an *ever and over-flowing Fountain* of Life and Grace, as sends forth millions of *fresh and new streams* continually?  
and

and whether all other fountains of good are any other than so many *single drops* of this ? *Psal.* 36. 8, 9. *Esa.* 12. 2, 3.

78. Whether all our *flowers* grow not in *God's Garden* ? and whether he be not provoked to crop them, when we *look too much* upon them, or *smell too much* to them ? *Hos.* 2. 8, 9, 10.

79. Whether engaging the heart more than is meet, in creature-comforts, be not like a *surfeit from sweet-meats*, that often brings death ? *Luk.* 8. 14. 2 *Tim.* 3. 4.

80. Whether most men like *spiders*, do not suck *poyson* from God's flowers ; rather than like *Bees*, make *honey* out of them ? and whether *ingratitude*, doth not turn his honey into gall, and *presumption*, his grace into wantonness ? 2 *Tim.* 3. 2. *Jude* 4.

## IX. DECAD.

81. Whether it be not better *to suffer* than to sin ? and whether many

do not wish they had done so, when it is *too late*? 1 *Pet.* 4. 16. *Mat.* 27. 3, 4, 5.

82. Whether God will thank any man for being so *over-careful* or *busie* in providing for the *peace* of the Church (or his own peace rather) that he is not so careful as he should be for the *purity* of it? and whether it be a good way to procure its peace, by yeelding to any thing that *pollutes* it? *Ezek.* 13. 17, to 23.

83. Whether a *tender conscience*, that fears to offend God in the least thing, especially in matters of his *divine Worship*, be not *less dangerous*, than a bold conscience that adventures far, and a large conscience that can swallow any thing for *preferments sake*? and whether a tender conscience be not a better *guard* upon the purity of Gods holy Ordinances, than a forward compliance with *those precepts of men*, which (if Christ himself be worthy of belief) renders the *Worship of God vain*? *Esa.* 29. 13. *Mat.*

*Mat. 15. 7, 8, 9. Mark. 7. 6, 7, 8, 9.*

84. Whether *carnal pollicy, love of self* and *base fear*, have not betrayed many a brave Cause? and whether he that steps back, and loseth but *one foot* of his ground, doth not draw his adversary the *faster* and *more fiercely* on him, till he be quite beaten out of the field by him? *Gal. 1. 16, 17. & chap. 2. 4, 5.*

85. Whether those wounds upon the Gospel, be not *most gaping*, and those gashes in the profession of it, the *deepest*, which are made by men, who being reputed truly godly, do most unworthily *renounce*, or at least not openly, strenuously and constantly assert, those *professed Principles* and practices, which with *good reason*, they formerly, more wayes than one declared for, and maintained, in the *face* of the whole world? and whether *Francis Spira* found not the bitter fruit of such a tergiversation from the Truth, when he *subscribed to the*

*Popes Legat ?* Oh how did he cry out of the shipwrack which he had made of *Faith and a good Conscience !* how did he torment his own soul, with that dreadful Scripture (*Prov. 14. 14.*) *The back-slider in heart shall be filled with his own wayes !* which fore judgement the Lord avert (for his mercy sake) and prevent in others.

86. Whether patience under afflictions, be not best maintained in a gracious heart, *by thinking well of God,* and a firm belief that *all things shall work together for good ?* and whether the consideration, that God is a creating God, and so able to *create succours* and means of help, when all visible hopes from second causes fail, be not a ground of great consolation to Believers when *most oppressed ?* *Rom. 8. 28. Heb. 12. 5, 6, 7, 10. Esa. 50. 2. & 59. 1.*

87. Whether God intends any more hurt to his *servants*, when he puts them into the *fire*, than the *Refiner*



*finer* doth to his *pretious mettals*, when he puts them into the Furnace? and whether it can reasonably be imagined, that he means to *consume* his gold and silver, and so *impoverish* himself? *Mal.* 3. 2, 3. *Zachar.* 13. 9. 1 *Pet.* 4. 12.

88. Whether Gods actions are not *alwayes best*, how cross soever they may seem to us, and done upon the *highest and best reasons*? and whether there be not *good reason* for us to conclude so, though sometimes we understand them not? *Psal.* 136. 5. *Prov.* 3. 19, 20. *Job* 36. 22, 23.

89. Whether God only be not the *most absolute Sovereign*, that by a peculiar prerogative, makes his *own will* the rule of whatsoever he doth, both in Heaven and Earth? and whether any thing can possibly be *contingent* to him, or happen otherwise (even in any the *least circumstance*) than he hath before *decreed, ordained, and appointed*? or than he orders, permits, and

directs? *Job* 9. 12. *Esa.* 46. 11. *Act.* 2. 23. & 4. 28. & 17. 26. *Rom.* 9. 15, 18, to 24.

90. Whether God be not *greatly to be observed and admired*, in all that he doth, not only in his works of *Creation*, but in the continued course of his renewed *Providences*? and whether every thing that proceeds from God, should not lead us to God? *Act.* 17. 26, 27.

## X. D E C A D.

91. Whether it be not a duty to *follow* Providence, and not to *lead* it? to be led by it, and not to drive it? or whether we can have peace in doing or suffering any thing without a *good warrant, or call* from God? *Psal.* 73. 24. *Heb.* 5. 4.

92. Whether *Original Sin* was not the Devils *first Brat*, begot upon humane nature, with its *own consent*? and whether millions of millions more, of all manner of transgressions, have

have not ever since been conceived and sprang from the same womb?

*Gen.* 3. 4, 5, 13. *2 Cor.* 11. 3. *Rom.* 5. 12, 16, 17, 18, 19. *Gen.* 6. 5. *Eccles.* 8. 11. *Jam.* 1. 14.

93. Whether all manner of miseries and deaths, have not come in *at this door* only? *Rom.* 5. 12, to 17. *Jam.* 1. 15.

94. Whether we are not *worse enemies* to our selves by far, than the Devil can possibly be, since he can never hurt us without our *own consent*? *Prov.* 1. 10. *Psal.* 50. 18.

95. Whether the *heart of man* before 'twas entred and possessed by sin, was not the very *Paradise of Paradise*, an *Eden within Eden* it self, even Gods own sweet Garden of delight, where *himself*, and *Son*, and *Spirit*, did all dwell and converse together? and whether ever since it hath not been the very *spawning place* of all filthiness? a *Cage* of unclean birds? an horrible *deep and dark pit*, of hissing

ling stinging Serpents ? and these so bedded and twisted together, and so *continually multiplying*, that it is utterly impossible they should ever be destroyed any other way, but by plentiful streams of Christ his own *wreaking warm blood*, poured hot upon them, from his *dying heart*. This indeed can stifle and kill them, when nothing else can, *Gen. 1. 27, 28.* compared with *Chap. 6. 5.* and with *Jer. 17. 9.* as also with *1 Joh. 1. 7.*

96. Whether *Pelagianism*, that denies *Original Sin*, and makes death not to be the punishment thereof, but the meer *necessary consequence* of nature only, be not a most *dangerous Heresie* ? and whether the doctrine of *general Redemption*, which grants *Original Sin*, but then takes it off again from all mankind, by attributing *too large* an extent to the death of Christ, be not every whit as *dangerous* ? and whether both these Grand Heresies, are not against most express Scriptures ?

tures ? the first against, *Rom.* 5. 12. & chap. 3. 9, 10, 11, 12, 22, 23. *Gal.* 3. 23. the second against, *Esa.* 53. 11, 12. *Joh.* 17. 9. *Rom.* 3. 26. & 5. 12. & 6. 23. compared with, *Gen.* 2. 17.

97. Whether the *roarings* which some men have in their Consciences, when their *own sins* and *Gods wrath*, are let out against them, even here in this Life, be not more *hideous and lamentable*, than those that were made by the *Bull of Phalaris*, or the *red-hot chains and grid-irons*, that some of the holy Martyrs were *broiled and fryed* to death by ? and yet how short doth this come of *Hell* ? *Prov.* 18. 14. *Mat.* 27. 4, 5. *Mat.* 22. 13. & 25. 41. *Esa.* 33. 14.

98. Whether *force and violence*, upon so tender a place as Conscience, are not *fore temptations* ? and whether, while they cause men to sin against their *own light*, they do not often occasion far more grievous torments *inwardly*, than those outward fiery tryals

tryals of affliction can possibly be, which they *dread* so much, and seek *this way* to avoid? *Prov.* 14. 14.

99. Whether God be not as *skilful*, yea infinitely *more skilful*, to draw good out of evil; yea the *greatest* good out of the *greatest* evil, than men are to make *soveraign Triacles* out of strong *poysons*? *Rom.* 8. 28.

100. Whether the blood of Christ be not the most *soveraign Balsom*? and whether it be possible for the *least wound*, that ever sin made, to be cured without it? and lastly, whether Christ be not the *best Physitian*, as well as Chyrugion, since none that he hath undertaken, ever *miscarried* under his hand, or ever can, *Heb.* 9. 14, 22. *Mat.* 9. 12. *Luk.* 10. 34, 35. *John* 6. 37.

## XI. DECAD.

101. Whether all the *Monarchies* in the world, and millions more of the same kind, can bear *equal weight* with



with one dram of saving Grace ? and whether they that make *drudges* of themselves to get wealth, but never mind the *salvation* of their precious souls, do not sell Heaven and Happiness for a *golden nothing*, and so make sad work for themselves when they lye a dying ? *Mat. 16. 26.*

102. Whether a little Religion in *great persons*, doth not go a great way, and *shine far* ? and whether such persons, in the midst of their many temptations from *Honours, Riches, and Pleasures*, are not rather to be pittied and prayed for, than envied ? *1 Cor. 1. 26.*

103. Whether *Jesus Christ* be not worthy to be accounted and made use of, as the most *illustrious and resplendent Jewel* that can be worn, either in the bosom of *Noblest Ladies*, or on the Diadems of *mightiest Monarchs* ? *1 Pet. 2. 6, 7.*

104. Whether Glory doth not *sparkle* in Grace here, as in a rich *Diamond*

*mond* full of Angles, and Grace *flame* in Glory hereafter, as in a *bright shining Sun*? and whether that which is called Grace in the *cradle*, be not the same, that is called Glory upon the *Throne*? 2 Cor. 3. 18.

105. Whether the poor *Groom* in the Stable, or the *Scullion* in the Kitchen, that hath true Faith in Christ, and sincere Love to God, shall not be *sure* of a place in Heaven, when the *great Lord or Lady* which he serves, having none of these Graces, shall never come there? Jam. 2. 5.

106. Whether it be not great pity, that one should get into the *Suburbs* of Heaven, but never into *Heaven it self*? and whether it doth not concern the *fine-spun Hypocrite*, and the great *moralist*, to think of this? Mark 12. 3.

107. Whether every one should not strive to be *better* than others, and to set the *liveliest* patterns of holiness? and whether the lowly Grace of *Humility*,

mility, which like the delicate scented Violet, *hangs its head* neer the ground, and *hides it self* as 'twere, under its own leaves, be not as *sweet* as any of the *taller* graces? *Tit.* 2. 7. & 3. 1. *1 Cor.* 14. 12. also, *Prov.* 15. 33. and 22. 4. *1 Pet.* 5. 5.

108. Whether many *Heathen*, for their moral vertues, did not *out-do* many of those, that in our dayes, go by the name of *Christians*? and whether it be not best, so to live alwayes, as one would *wish* to have lived when he comes to dye? *Mat.* 11. 21.

109. Whether he takes not the most *desirable* journey, and hath not the *best company* for his fellow-travellers, that goes towards Heaven, and gets thither at last, though sometimes his way be dirty? *Mat.* 7. 14. compared with, *Prov.* 3. 17.

110. Whether the Saints do not alwayes walk with the *best guards*; for while wicked men are attended with  
none

none but the *Devil and his Imps*, are not they ever surrounded with the *holy Angels*, and with *God to boot*? *Psal.* 91. 9, 10, 11, 12. *Heb.* 1. 14.

## XII. DECAD.

111. Whether it be not the *wisest way* to get preferment in that Court, where *all are Kings*? and whether a Believers Crown of *Thorns*, that is lined with Diamonds, be not richer, and more easie, than those Crowns of *Diamonds* that are lined with Thorns? *Rev.* 1. 6. *Mat.* 13. 7, 22.

112. Whether any *Garden* or *Gallery*, be so pleasant, sweet, and state-ly to walk in, as where *Christ* and his *Spouse* are wont to meet? and whether any nourishment be so desirable, as that honey and milk which *they eat* of, and those spiced Wines which *they drink*? *Cant.* 5. 1. & 7. 5. & 8. 2. *Esa.* 25. 6.

113. Whether the Citizens *Merchandize*, or the Countrey-mans *Husbandry*

*bandry*, the Gentlemans *Revenues*, and the Poor mans *Labours*, are not more or less prosperous, sweet and comfortable, as they have more or less *interest* in God, and *converse* with him? *Deuter.* 28. 2, to 21.

114. Whether any calling; imployment or business, can be *warrantable*; which one cannot in *Faith pray for*, and expect a blessing on? and whether *Stage-Players*, makers of *Popish Pictures and Images*, and many others; are not concerned in this *Quæry*? *Rom.* 14. 23. *Esa.* 44. 9, to 21.

115. Whether a *secret curse* doth not the same in some mens great *Estates*, that *worms* do at the *roots* of fairest flowers? and whether every thing on this side Heaven, be not either a *Feather* or a *Thorn*, vanity or vexation of spirit? *Prov.* 3. 33. *Mal.* 2. 2. *Job* 20. 26. *Eccles.* 1. 2, 14.

116. Whether *holy tears* have not a *shrill voice*? and whether a right Prayer indeed comes not into Gods

ear, as soon as it is out of a *Believers* heart? *Psal.* 6. 8. *Esa.* 65. 24.

117. Whether one affectionate warm active Christian, among many cold ones, be not like one *live coal*, that enkindles many dead ones? and like a *load-stone*, in the midst of many needles, which *draws* and gives *magnetique touches* to them all, by vertue whereof, they draw others likewise?

1 *Cor.* 11. 1. *Heb.* 3. 13. *John* 1. 43, to 47. *Act.* 18. 24, to 28.

118. Whether *passions* out of order, are not like *fire* out of the chimney? and whether all care ought not to be used to keep them within their *due place and compass*? *Jam.* 1. 19, 20. & 3. 5, 6. *Eph.* 4. 26. 31.

119. Whether it be not the duty of *Husbands* and *Wives*, not only to pray for and with one another, at times of ordinary address to God, but also at *special seasons* in their retirements, frequently set apart for that purpose betwixt themselves? and

whe-



whether this be not an excellent means to procure blessings upon, and to keep all things in *sweet harmony* in their Families? *Zachar.* 12. 11, 12, 13, 14. *Luke* 1. 6.

120. Whether the *Husband* ought not to dwell with his Wife as a *man of knowledge*, and to be a good guide and head to her? and whether the Wife by her *vertues*, should not become a *Crown* to her Husband? and whether in this case, the Head and the Crown be not *well met*? *1 Pet.* 3. 7. *Prov.* 12. 4.

### XIII. DECAD.

121. Whether *Kings, Princes, and Nobles*, have not the greatest opportunities of doing good in their Generations? the greatest obligations upon them towards God? and the greatest accounts to make to him? *Esa.* 49. 23. *Psal.* 101. throughout, & *Psal.* 34. 11. *2 Chron* 29. 36. *Esth.* 4. 13. *Nehem.* 1. 4. *Luk.* 1. 3.

122. Whether *Judges* and *Lawyers*, of all others, have not the most *frequent* and *lively* representations of the day of Judgement before their eyes? and whether such of them as take *Bribes*, give *wrong Judgement*, undertake *bad Causes*, and refuse to *plead good ones*, shall not certainly come to their tryal, at that *High Tribunal*? 2 Chron. 19. 6. Levit. 19. 15. Prov. 31. 9. Esa. 1. 17, 23. Deut. 25. 1. also, Psal. 94. 21. Esa. 5. 23. Heb. 10. 30.

123. Whether those are not *weak Nets*, or those Nets not well managed, which will catch and hold *little fishes* only, but not *great ones*? and whether those *Laws* are not as weak, or at least weakly executed, that catch *little offenders* only, but let *great ones escape*? 1 Sam. 8. 3. Esa. 29. 21.

124. Whether the pardoning of *many* and *great* crimes, be not sometimes very *seasonable* and *necessary*? and whether this be not to imitate  
God

God himself, in one of his most *Royal Prerogatives* ? 2 *Sam.* 19. 21, 22, 23.

*Prov.* 10. 12. *Exod.* 34. 7. *Jer.* 50. 20.

125. Whether he that is *implacable* against another, that hath *causlessly* offended him, so as never to *pardon* nor *forget* the wrong done to him, hath any reason to *hope* for mercy from *God*, whom himself offends daily and hourly ? *Rom.* 1. 31. *Luk.* 17. 2, 3. *Mat.* 6. 14, 15. 2 *Cor.* 2. 7.

126. Whether he that prays *God* would forgive him, *as he forgives others* (whom he neither doth forgive, nor ever will) doth not thereby give answer to himself, and conclude *never* to be forgiven ? or at least, doth not his *tongue contradict his heart* ? and that in the sight of him who *knows* all hearts ? *Mat.* 6. 12, 13, 14, 15. *Act.* 15. 8. *Luk.* 6. 37. & 11. 4.

127. Whether some men do not sin fearfully, by *rash vows*, and obstinate resolutions, *without* and *against* all rule or president from the Word

of God? and whether such men fall not into *dreadful snares* thereby? or can have any other way to deliver themselves from the *sin* or *danger* thereof, but by *repenting* with all speed, and nullifying such *unwarrantable* vows and resolutions? *Judg.* 11.

39. *Act.* 9. 23, 24. & 23, 12, 13, 14.

128. Whether it be not an *unparallel'd*, both crime, folly and cruelty, to be *irreconcilable* to another for the same *faults*, (or perhaps less) that ones self either is or hath been guilty of, and yet *reckon* upon going to Heaven at last, without any *greater* (or perhaps not so great) *evidence* of repentance or reformation, than the *Party* he is so irreconcilable to *doth* give? *Mat.* 18. 32, 33, 34, 35.

129. Whether a mans *own Conscience* be not a *Law*, a *Witness*, and a *Judge* to himself? and whether the Righteous God doth not pass the same *Sentence* upon a man, that his own conscience doth? *Prov.* 14. 14.

*Rom.*

Rom. 2. 14, 15, 16. 1 Job. 3. 20, 21.

130. Whether it be likely that he, who at *any time thinks* it too soon to repent, or thinks it *soon enough* to repent at any time ; means *ever* to repent at all ? and whether any man be truly wise, but he that is wise *at last*, and so wise for *eternity* ? Heb. 3. 7, to 16. Rom. 2. 5. Prov. 19. 20. Deut. 32. 29.

#### XIV. DECAD.

131. Whether part of a *good Mother's* imployment, should not be a constant endeavour to instil *knowledge* and *grace* into her Children's hearts ? and the like of a *Mistress* to her *Maidens* ? Prov. 31. 1. 2 Tim. 1. 5.

132. Whether a *disobedient Child*, that truly repents, and endeavours to amend for the future, may not hope for mercy from his *Father in Heaven*, in case he cannot obtain none from his *earthly Parents* ? and whether he that wants *bowels* to another in mis-



ry, may not fear he shall find as little favour himself; when he stands *most in need* of it? *Luk.* 15. 17, to 22. *Prov.* 12. 10. *Jer.* 6. 23. *Jam.* 2. 13.

133. Whether it be possible for Children, by *all the duty* and love they can exprefs, to make *full payment* of what they *owe* to Parents? and whether they ought not to do their *utmost* to become *comforts* to them, and be grieved at the very heart if they have been *crosses*? *Luk.* 15. 18, 19.

134. Whether they are not the best neighbours, friends and companions, whose *constant discourse* is most *heavenly*, and their examples most *Holy*? *1 Theff.* 1. 7.

135. Whether she makes not the *best* Wife that hath *two Husbands*, one in Heaven as well as one on Earth? and whether she can love the *latter well*, unless she love the *other better*? *Cant.* 2. 16. & 6. 3. & 7. 10.

136. Whether to match with Christ be not *high preferment*? and whe-



whether Gods most *wonderful* condescension, in accepting any poor vile mortal, and making one fit to become a *Spouse* for his Son, be not a good document and instruction to those Parents, that sometimes find their Children match *below* their rank and estates, provided they meet with *internal qualifications* of mind, suitable and commendable in the *want* of other things? *Mat.* 22. 2. *Esa.* 54. 5.

137. Whether pride be not a *swelling tumour*, most angry, fiery, and festering, and upon the *worst* place of all, the *heart*? and whether reviling language doth not argue a *blistered* tongue, and slanderous lips cut like a *Razor*? *Prov.* 16. 5. & 21. 24. & 29. 22, 23.

138. Whether any two that lye in a bed together, after personal and secret *listings* up of their respective hearts to God, can spend their time *better* before they rise, than by *quickning* each other with holy conference,

rence, and consulting how best to serve God *all the day* after? *Psal.* 5. 3. & 63. 6. *Mal.* 3. 16.

139. Whether as soon as our eyes are open in the *mornings*, we should not prevent Satan, by giving the *first possession* of our hearts to God? and whether it be not needful alwayes, to *set a watchful and strong guard* about them, to keep the *Devil out*? *Psal.* 63. 1. & 88. 13. & 139. 18. also, *Prov.* 4. 23.

140. Whether the Prayer of *Jonah* out of the belly of the Whale, got not as *quick* to Heaven, and without *wetting its wings* too, as *Solomon's* did from the Holy Temple? and whether he that prays most sincerely hath not the *sweetest breath*, as well as he that sings most spiritually hath the *sweetest voice*? *Jonah* 2. 7. *Cant.* 2. 14. *Rev.* 5. 8.

XV. DECADE.

141. Whether God in his appointed

ted time, will not *fully vindicate* the honour of his own *holy Ordinances*, upon the prophaners, despisers, and contemners of them? and whether he hath not done so sooner or later, in all *foregoing Ages*? *Malech. 1. 7. Isa. 5. 24. Ezek. 22. 8. Amos 2. 4, 5. 1 Cor. 11. 30.*

142. Whether a *quiet*, but *evil* Conscience, be not an *ulcer* most dangerous, and of all others, the *most incurable*? *Prov. 18. 14. Mat. 2. 5. Gen. 4. 13, 14.*

143. Whether he be not the best *Soldier*, that maintains a spiritual warfare against *Sin, Satan*, and his own *evil heart*? *1 Tim. 1. 18, 19. Eph. 6. 11, 12.*

144. Whether the Devil, that *old* and *subtile* Serpent, be so able and cunning to deceive a man, as a mans *own heart* is to deceive it self? and whether Satan, with all his temptations, can hurt us without our *own consent*? and whether sins are not greater

greater or lesser, as more or less of our *own will* is in them? *Gen.* 3. 13. compared with, *Jerem.* 17. 9. *Jam.* 1. 14.

145. Whether *Godliness* be not an hard *trade* or *mystery*, to be diligently and carefully learned? and whether that Apprentice deserves, or can expect to live well hereafter, that *trifles* away his opportunity; and is not industrious to get the *mysteries* of his Trade before his time be out? *1 Tim.* 3. 16.

146. Whether all the most *precious commodities* that Merchants, Goldsmiths and Jewelers deal for, are not *sorry wares*, in comparison of those that a good Christian trades for with Heaven? *Prov.* 3. 13, 14. *Mat.* 13. 45, 46.

147. Whether it be not a *miserable* thing, for one to have the chief work for his soul to do, when the *glass of his Life* is run out? and whether it be not in vain for him then to *call time* again?

again? *Heb.* 3. 7, 13. & 12. 17.

148. Whether that *stubborn Impenitent*, which would not be reclaimed in his life-time, by all counsels and entreaties whatsoever, might not thank himself for those *horrors*, which caused him to cry out at his last breath, Oh! that I had been made a *toad under a block*, when I was made a man? *Prov.* 1. 24, to 32.

149. Whether mutual admonitions, reproofs and exhortations, are not duties that lye on *all men* in their fit seasons? and whether, when they are wisely placed, they are not like *Apples of gold with Pictures of silver*? *Heb.* 3. 13. & 10. 25. *Tit.* 3. 10.

150. Whether the weakest men, are not soonest and most invincibly conquered by their *own passions*? and whether he be not the *greatest slave* of all, that is a slave to his *own lusts*? *Eccles.* 7. 9. *Prov.* 14. 17. *Rom.* 7. 14, 23.

## XVI. DECAD.

151. Whether he be not guilty of an *high affront* against God, that will not be prevailed with to *imitate* him, so glorious a pattern, in *pardoning* offenders, and *shewing* mercy to such as have need of it? *Luk.* 6. 36, 37, 38. compared with, *Prov.* 1. 29, 30, 31.

152. Whether he that *most sympathizeth* with the poor *suffering Servants* of Jesus Christ (be they *hungry, naked, sick, or in Prison*) according to his ability, shall not be *well payed* in the other world? *Mat.* 25. 34, to 41.

153. Whether he that wants such a *sympathizing heart* as aforesaid, and is not ready to the *utmost* of his power, to give ease and succour to the said *suffering Members* of Christ, may in charity be supposed to be any *true integral part* of Christs mystical Body? *1 Cor.* 12. 26, 27. *Eph.* 4. 25. & 5. 30.

154. Whether *Jesus Christ* doth  
not



not improve *all the interest* that he hath in Heaven, for the good of his *Redeemed Ones*, the interest of his *God-head*, the interest of his *Son-ship*, the interest of his *Mediator-ship*? and whether he doth not deserve, that *they also* should improve *all the interest* they have in *this world*, for him? *Joh. 17. 12, to 26. Heb. 6. 20. & 7. 25. Psal. 116. 12, 13, 14.*

155. Whether he that hath a *great Estate*, but not an heart to *improve* it for God, were not *much better* be without it? and whether he that hath both these, doth not either *find* or *make* opportunities, to express his great love to Christ *this way*, and so not only brings a  *blessing* upon what he enjoys *here*, but layes up vast treasures for himself *hereafter*? *Luk. 16. 19, to 26. compared with, Luk. 19. 8. & Mark 10. 21. and with Luk. 16. 9.*

156. Whether if *Darius* an *Hea-then Prince*, thought the Present of an handful of *cold water* offered him in  
his

his Progress by *Sinetas* a poor Shepherd, (for want of something better) worthy to be received into a *cup of gold*, and then the cup it self to be given to him (as *Ælian* reports in his various History) will not the *great God* much more reward him that gives but a cup of cold water (if he be able to give no better thing) to one that *bears the name* of a Disciple? *Mat.* 10. 42.

157. Whether he that *doth good* with what he hath, according to his ability, while he lives, be not the *best Executor* to his own Estate? and whether he that is most *rich* in *good Works*, be not the richest man? *1 Tim.* 6. 18, 19. *Rev.* 14. 13.

158. Whether *Covetousness* be not *Idolatry*, and such *Idolatry*, as of all others, hath *most worshippers*, and most *heartly* ones? and whether some *rich pinching muck-worms*, though they pay all men their dues, yet may not dye much in debt, *viz.* to their own  
backs

*backs and bellies ? Colof. 3. 5. Ecclef. 5. 11.*

159. Whether unjust and cruel *grippers* and *graspers*, as well as *pro-  
fufe wasters* of Estates, have not *fad  
accounts* to make ? and whether *this  
Epitaph* may not be written on their  
grave-ftones, *Here lyes the worlds  
rich fools, who dyed miferable poor men ?*  
*Luk. 12. 20. Ecclef. 2. 18, to 24.*

160. Whether King *Cyrus* his *kiffes*  
to his *Favorites*, were not of greater  
value than the *golden Cups* he gave to  
ftangers (as *Xenophon* reports ? ) and  
whether Gods *ſpecial love*, be not  
much more defirable than his *common  
mercies ? Exod. 19. 5. Cant. 1. 2.*

## XVII. DECADE.

161. Whether *honeft* thrift, and in-  
genuous *induftry* in mens particular  
Callings (alwayes provided that God  
hath his *due ſhare* of their hearts, and  
their time in *his Service*) are not great  
gatherers, and fill not the bag apace ?

N

and

and whether that which men get by *lying, cozening, cheating, and stealing*, is not wont to be put into a bag that hath *many holes* in it? *Prov.* 10. 4. & 12. 24, 27. & 22. 29. also, *Micah* 6. 10, 11, 12. *Hag.* 1. 6.

162. Whether a good Conscience be not a *Nightingale*, that sings all the year long in a mans *own bosom*? the best and most sure friend in evil times? and a continual Feast, affording the *daintiest dishes* in their proper seasons? *Act.* 23. 1. & 24. 16. *Rom.* 9. 1. 2 *Cor.* 1. 12. 1 *Tim.* 1. 5, 19. & 3. 9. 2 *Tim.* 1. 3. *Heb.* 13. 18. 1 *Pet.* 3. 16, 21. *Prov.* 15. 15. & 14. 14.

163. Whether the loss of ones *inward peace*, for the greatest profits and preferments in the world, can possibly be recompensed thereby, or be recovered again with ease? *Mat.* 16. 26.

164. Whether *temporal* things, are not *first desired*, and then had, but *spiritual* things *first had*, and then desired?

and

and whether true desires of Grace, do not *suppose* and *proceed* from Grace? *Neh.* 1. 11. *Esa.* 26. 8, 9. 2 *Cor.* 8. 12.

165. Whether the *Graces* of the Spirit of God, may not sometimes be found environ'd with *ill natures*, and thorny dispositions, as *ripe Strawberries* among nettles, and under briry bushes? 1 *Cor.* 6. 10, 11.

166. Whether the *highest stars* make not the *quickest motions*, and heavy bodies, when neereſt their centers? and whether the *holiest hearts* do not the like, in their *Heavenly motions* towards God? *Pſal.* 63. 8. & 143. 6, 9. & 119. 60.

167. Whether the *ſpeech* uſed by a *Persian Queen*, when her King gave her a moſt coſtly Jewel to wear, ſaying, *You Sir, are my only Jewel*; may not moſt properly and truly be uttered by the *Spouſe of Chriſt*, to him her *Sovereign Lord and Husband*? *Prov.* 5. 10, to 16.

168. Whether in times of *desertion*, one may conclude, Gods face will not shine again, any more than by a dark Night, that the *Sun* will not return in the Morning? and whether a *burning-glass*, that hath nothing in it at mid-night, may not the next day, be full of condensed and flaming beams? *Psal.* 30. 5. & *Psal.* 4. 6. & 80. 3, 19. *Esa.* 54. 6, 7, 8. & 57. 17, 18.

169. Whether a gracious heart, may not *interchangeably* enjoy assurance, and be troubled with doubtings? and whether Faith of *adherence*, be not a good relief in the want of assurance, though one should live and dye without it? *Cant.* 8. 5. *Job* 13. 15.

170. Whether *purity* of heart and life, be not a most necessary *qualification* for Heaven? and whether those that *want this*, or *scoff at it*, under the names of *Puritan*, *Round-head*, *Phanatick*, or such other opprobrious terms, are ever like to come there with-



without *Repentance*? *Mat.* 5. 8, 20.  
& 12. 14. also, *Rev.* 22. 15.

## XVIII. DECAD.

171. Whether *Masters* and *Mistresses*, are not *answerable* for the souls of their *Servants*, as well as their *Children*? and whether they ought not to train up them also, in the *nurture and admonition of the Lord*? *Gen.* 18. 19. *Josh.* 24. 15. *Psal.* 101. 6, 7. *Esth.* 4. 16. *Nehem.* 13. 19. *Eph.* 6. 9. *Col.* 4. 1.

172. Whether *Servants*, both males and females, are not then most *diligent, faithful, and cheerful* in their places; and do not then give that *respect and reverence* which is due unto them they serve, when they remember, well consider, and practice what *God* requires of them in his Word, especially in, *Eph.* 6. 6. & *Colos.* 3. 22. *Tit.* 2. 9, 10. where they are commanded to *obey their Masters in all things, not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God*?

173. Whether the world hath not as much *need* of the *labour* of the poor, as of the *wealth* of the rich? and whether the inclining of all sorts of persons respectively, to a *natural affection* to, and *delight* in, the several Callings and employments which they *voluntarily chuse*, how *mean, base, and servile* soever they are, be not a *great argument* of the wise and wonderful *Providence* of God, over-ruling particulars, for the good of the whole? *Esa.* 28. 24, to 29. & *Gen.* 4. 20, 21, 22. *Act.* 17. 26.

174. Whether he be not the *best Scholar* that hath *most learned* Christ? and the *best read* in the Scriptures, that is *most guided* by them? *Act.* 4. 13. *Eph.* 4. 21. 2 *Tim.* 3. 15, 16.

175. Whether the *purest and sweetest* knowledge be not derived from Gods *own Book*, the Bible? and whether *there* only are not the *richest Mines* to dig in? the fullest stores and magazines, of all *desirable* good things?

things? *Prov.* 2. 1, to 10. *Psal.* 19. 7, to 11. *Colos.* 3. 16.

176. VWhether the light of *Gods countenance* cannot make *day* in the darkest soul at mid-night? and one kind word from him, *revive* the heart in the midst of the pangs of death? and whether he be in any danger of sinking, that is supported with *everlasting arms*? or of fainting, that is refreshed with the cordials of *Divine Love*? *Psal.* 4. 6. & 27. 1. & 36. 9. *Can.* 2. 3, 4, 5. *Esa.* 2. 14. & 40. 11. *Deut.* 33. 27.

177. VWhether the same *omnipotent Power* of God, that is an *hedge* of *protection* to his People, and a *wall of brass* for their defence, is not an hedge of *thorns* to scratch their enemies, and a wall of *fire* to devour them? *Iob* 1. 10. *Ier.* 1. 18, 19. *Act.* 9. 5.

178. VWhether any one can possibly be *devoured* in a den of fiercest Lions, or *drowned* in the deepest wa-

ters, or *burned* in the most raging flames, *while God is there with him*, and undertakes his safety? *Dan.* 6. 22. & *Chap.* 3. 25. *Exod.* 14. 21, 22. *Esa.* 43. 2.

179. Whether the *sweetest nature*, that can be found amongst men, can get to Heaven *without grace*? and whether the least degree of Grace will not *meliorate*. and *sweeten* the most crabbed and unpleasing nature? *Phi.* 3. 6, to 11.

180. Whether *married* or *unmarried*, young men or old, *Virgins*, *Wives*, or *Widows*, can live happily, or dye comfortably, without a *sure interest in, union to, and Communion with* Jesus Christ? *Joh.* 14. 19. & *Joh.* 5. 12. *Cant.* 1. 2, 3.

## XIX. DECADE.

181. Whether *hardness* of heart, and *final impenitency*, be not of all Judgements the *most dreadful*? and whether the serious consideration thereof, would not *damp* the joy of the *most riotous* sinner in the world, and make  
him

him *tremble* every moment, for fear of his dropping *presently* into Hell? Rom. 2. 5. *Psal.* 7. 11, 12, 13. *Job* 21. 12, 13, 23, 24, 25.

182. Whether that *conviction* which ends not in *true conversion*, doth not still leave a man under the *power* of sin, in the *gall* of bitterness, and the *state* of damnation? and whether convinced sinners should not look well to this? *Mat.* 18. 3. *Act.* 3. 19. & 8. 22, 23.

183. Whether he that never knows any more than *one birth*, that is, a meer natural birth only, be not sure to dye *three deaths*, viz. a natural, spiritual, and eternal? and whether he that passeth through *two births*, and so is *born again*, shall not be sure to escape the two later deaths, and find the other also upon the matter, no death at all, properly so called, but a *sweet sleep* rather? *Joh.* 3. 3. *Rev.* 20. 6. 1 *Thess.* 4. 14, 15.

184. Whether the *death* of *Infants*,  
be

be not an unanswerable Argument to prove that they have *sin* in them, at least *Original Sin*, as well as those of grown age, for how else could they be subject to death, which is the *wages of sin* only? *Rom.* 3. 22, 23. & 5. 12. & 6. 23.

185. Whether a Believer, standing on the *mount of a Promise*, may not from *thence* take a pleasant prospect of Heaven, and particularly of the *glorification* of his own *humane nature*, sitting at Gods right hand, in the person of his Saviour? and whether after *such a sight* as this, all things here below will not look *dim and dusky*, as colours do through Church-windows, when the *Sun* shines bright upon them? *Act.* 7. 55, 56. *Heb.* 11. 1, 13, 14, 15. 2 *Cor.* 5. 1, 2, 3, 4.

186. Whether the *same flowers*, that ere while were seen under a *warm* and a *shining Sun*, to display themselves with great beauty and cheerfulness, may not *hang dangling soon*  
af-



*after with drops of rain, and be violently dashed with stormy showers, from a black and tempestuous Heaven over them? and whether such a change may not possibly befall the Graces and Comforts of Gods dearest Children, and yet they remain his Children still, as the other remain flowers? Psal. 88. throughout, Esa. 63. 7, 8, 9. Jer. 31. 18, 19, 20.*

187. Whether in times of greatest afflictions, and inward seeming deserts, the Graces of holy hearts may not smell sweetest, as Flowers do after showers of rain, Spices, when most bruised, Rose-waters, in the Limbeck, and Juniper-wood, in the burning flames? *Psal. 51. 17. Cant. 2. 14. & 5. 5, 6. & 8. 6, 7.*

188. Whether the very excellency of holy gratitude, consists not in this, viz. as fast as our mercies grow fresh and new upon us, in what kind soever, to present them as so many new-blown flowers to God, to have the  
first

*first smell* of them? *Esa.* 18. 7. *Psal.* 72. 10. & *Psal.* 76. 11.

189. Whether Christ, and the Spirit of Grace, are not *two great Comforters*, as well by the *appointment* of God the Father, as their own *free consent*, in which *Believers only* have a *special interest*? and whether for this reason, among others, the four *Oecumenical Councils* of *Nice*, *Constantinople*, *Ephesus* and *Chalcedon*, in clearing and establishing the *Doctrines* of Christ his *Divine Person*, the distinction of the *two natures* subsisting in it, and the *Deity* and *Personality* of the Spirit, against *Arrius*, *Macedonius*, *Nestorius*, and the rest of the Hereticks of those times, did not *eminent service* unto the Gospel? *Joh.* 14. 16, 17, 18, 26.

190. Whether it be not a most *notorious absurdity* and contradiction to affirm, that the Spirit of Grace, which is *supernatural*, and altogether *invincible* in it self, can ever be so far resist-  
ed

ed or quenched, as to be *totally expelled* out of that heart, where it hath been once received in truth? and whether the heart of man, being *deceitful above all things*, full of *imaginations, which are only evil, and that continually, & so desperately wicked*, that none *can know it*, can be supposed to have any the *least power* to fetch in saving Grace of it self? and whether he that asserts these two *dangerous points*, doth not, implicitly at least, deny the absolute *freeness* and *unchangeableness* of Gods love, and make his Acts of Grace *vallid* or *in-vallid*, according to the *will* of his own Creature? *Gen. 6. 5. Jer. 17. 9. 2 Cor. 3. 5. Job. 15. 5.* compared with, *Rom. 9. 15. Mal. 3. 6. Ezek. 36. 31, 32.*

## XX. DECAD.

191. Whether sanctified *contentment*, will not make every condition *sweet*? and the contrary, make any thing,

thing, be it never so satisfactory and comfortable in it self, *burdensom* and *intollerable* to the restless mind ? and whether true thankfulness or unthankfulness for mercies received, are not proportionable to *these two* ? 1 Tim. 6. 6. Exod. 16. 2, to 22. Psal. 106. 24, 25.

192. Whether one may not be very poor and very rich at the *same time* ? and whether some men in their *rags*, have not a great interest in God, while others in their *stately Robes*, have none at all ? Jam. 2. 5. Luk. 16. 19, to 24.

193. Whether *poor Servants*, and others in lowest condition, should not take arguments from their *own meanness* here in this world, to seek after the Kingdom of Heaven the *more diligently*, that so they may have as *large Revenues there* as any others ? and whether our Saviour doth not imitate as much, where he saith, the *poor receive the Gospel* ? Zeph. 3. 12. Mat.

11. 5. *Mark* 12. 42. *Luk.* 4. 18. &  
6. 20.

194. Whether *Parents* that have many *Children*, and but *little* or *nothing* to leave with them when they dye, have not the more need to seek after *Portions of Grace* for them, pour forth many *Prayers*, and exercise much *Faith* in the *Covenant of Grace*, on *Grace* on *their behalf*? *Gen.* 17. 7. *Act.* 2. 39. *Psal.* 37. 29. 1 *Sam.* 1. 27. compared with, *Chap.* 2. 7. *Gen.* 48. throughout.

195. Whether *Faith* in *Christ*, the great *Saviour* and deliverer of mankind, be *not* the *best Midwife* to women in travel, and the *best Nurse* for them and their *Children* afterwards? and whether their chiefest care should not be to *make sure* of this *Midwife* and *Nurse*, *above all others*? 1 *Tim.* 2. 15. *Psal.* 91. 14, 15, 16.

196. Whether idleness be not the *Devils cushion*? and whether slothfulness doth not gather *filth*, as standing  
wa-

waters do *mud*? *Ezek.* 16. 49. 1 *Tim.* 5. 13.

197. Whether a *firm persuasion* of Gods omniscience, omnipresence, hatred of sin, and of his power and resolution to punish it, where not repented of, would not prevent *millions of sins* that are hourly committed throughout the whole world? *Psal.* 50. 21, 22. & 90. 8. & 139. 1, 10 13.

198. Whether the *bare believing* that there is a God, that Christ is the *Son of God*, the Scriptures the *Word of God*, and that all men ought to walk according to them, be any *other* kind of faith, than the *Devils themselves* have? *Jam.* 2. 19, *Mat.* 8. 29. & Chap. 4. 6.

199. Whether to *bear* and *forbear* among Friends and neer Relations, be not excellent and most necessary duties? and yet how difficultly are they learned? and how *few* are there that practice them well? *Rom.* 15. 1. *Gal.*



6. 2. *Ephes.* 4. 2. *Colos.* 3. 13.

200. Whether *growing in Grace*,  
be not the only way to *thrive*? and  
whether he doth not become richer  
and richer that trades at this *Mart*,  
and without fear too of losing what  
he hath *already got*? 2 *Pet.* 3. 18. *Prov.*  
3. 13, 14, 15. & 4. 7, 8, 9.

## XXI. DECAD.

201. Whether the Office of *Am-  
bassadors*, the Arts, cares and pains of  
*Shepherds*, *Fisher-men*, *Husband-men*,  
*Carpenters*, with divers others such  
like, ought not to be known to, and  
imitated by those *Ministers* of the  
Gospel, that have the *oversight* and  
*trust* of Souls? and whether they are  
not the *best Preachers* that move the  
*hearts* of their Hearers, more than  
*tickle their heads*? 2 *Cor.* 5. 20. *Cant.*  
1. 8. *Mat.* 4. 19. 1 *Cor.* 3. 9, to 14.  
& Chap. 2. 4.

202. Whether the *plague* upon the  
*Streams*, *Rivers*, *Ponds*, and *Pools* of

water, in the Land of *Ægypt* (*Exod.* 7.) were not as dreadful as any of the other plagues? and whether *impurities* in *Universities* and other *Schools* of Learning, be not as great a plague as that, and as *much to be dreaded* and prayed against? *Psal.* 23. 2. *Ezek.* 47. 1, to 13.

203. Whether *young Scholars*, that take upon them the work of the Ministry, before they are *well lined* with Learning, and have thoroughly studied the whole *Body of Divinity*, are not like *new rigged Ships*, that are put out to Sea, without *ballast* or *burden*?

204. Whether *sanctified Studies*, in a Learned head and Holy heart, do not reduce *Ethicks*, *Metaphysics*, and *Theology* into *one Science*?

205. Whether many a *sweet kernel*, doth not lye in the *Criticisms* of the Original Languages of the Holy Scriptures?

206. Whether *John Bradford*, that blessed Martyr, was not worthily called

led *Holy Bradford*, who prayed as much as he studied, did both upon his knees, and seldom or never sat at meals without *wetting his trencher* with his tears, either of *godly sorrow* for sin, or from a melting *warm love* to God? *Psal.* 6. 6. *Luk.* 7. 37, 38.

207. Whether he that delights in *Hunting*, be it for love of the *Venison*, or for sport, can pick out more pertinent Scriptures to meditate upon, than the Preface of the 22. *Psal.* where Christ is called the *Hind of the Morning*? and the first verse of the 42. *Psal.* where *David* saith, that his soul *panted* after God, as the *Hart pants* after the water-brooks?

208. Whether *Gold-smiths* can deal any where for *such pure gold*, as is mentioned, *Rev.* 3. 18. or the *Vintner*, for such *rich Wines*, as we read of in, *Esa.* 25. 6. & *Cant.* 5. 1. & 8. 2. and whether it is not their chiefest wisdom, to drive their *whole stock* there?

209. Whether a *seeds-man* shall not do well to consider, that he that sows *most tears* for sin, shall have the *richest crop*? and the Ploughman, that his Plough in the field will speed *much the better*, when he is careful in the due seasons of it, to Plough up the *fallow ground* of his own heart too? *Psal.* 126. 5, 6. *Jer.* 50. 4, 5. *Luk.* 6. 21. also, *Jer.* 4. 3. *Hos.* 10. 12.

210. Whether there be *just reason* for any to *despair*, since it is not possible for the sins of any to be *so great or numerous*, as Gods mercies are *infinite*? and these most *freely offered* to them that have the greatest need of them? *Esa.* 55. 1, 2, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10. *2 Sam.* 24. 14. *1 Chron.* 21. 13. *Mat.* 11. 28, 29. *Joh.* 6. 37. *Heb.* 4. 16. *Rev.* 22. 17.

## XXII. DECADE.

211. Whether the Pope be not *Antichrist* in the Judgement of *Ribera* himself, though a *Iesuit*, and many others

others of their own most learned Writers ?

212. Whether the *slaughter* of the *Witnesses*, be not the immediate forerunner of the downfall of Antichrist, though the *darkest* dispensation is not the *inlet* of the *happiest* times that ever the world yet saw ? and whether the *duration* thereof will not certainly end at *three years and an half* from the true Epocha and beginning thereof ? *Rev.* 11. throughout.

213. Whether the doctrine of the *Spiritual Reign* of Christ on earth for a *thousand years* in a sober sense, were not a *common received* doctrine by the *Fathers* of the first ages after Christ ? and whether he that consults, *Ireneus, Tertullian, Lactantius* and others, without prejudice will not find it so ? *Rev.* 20. 6.

214. Whether the *Conversion* of the *Jews*, ought not to be believed and prayed for ? and whether it be

not propable, that one *special* means thereof may be by *Christ* his own *appearing in the Clouds*, so as *every eye* shall see him, as he did to *Saul* the *Jew*, when he was going to *Damascus*? *Ezek.* 36. & 37. throughout, & *Chap.* 39. 23, to 29. *Zachar.* 9. & 10. throughout.

215. Whether the *Society of the Jesuits* are not the *richest*, most *subtil*, *potent*, *diffusive* and *influential* on the affairs of the whole world, of any others? and whether they spare for any *cost* to procure, or want *correspondents* to give them the knowledge of *greatest secrets* in *Princes Courts*?

216. Whether all the *Monarchs* and *States*, both small and great upon the whole habitable earth, have so many *Emissaries* and *Agents* abroad, as one *single man*, the *Pope*? and whether they take not upon them all manner of *names*, *shapes*, *habits*, *trades*, and *employments*, where they come?



217. Whether the *Pope* his *craft*, in setting on foot and continuing the *Holy War* in *Palestine* for almost 200. years, was not as great as *devout Bernards* mistaken zeal was, in promoting of it? and whether the *Popes* ever since, have not been as *crafty Foxes* for themselves, among the *Princes of Europe*?

218. Whether such *unparallel'd* usurpations, insolencies, uncleannesses, Sodomies, forceries, witchcrafts, cruelties, blasphemies, and all manner of most horrible impieties, have been *ever found* among any sort of men since the Creation of the world, as *among the Popes*?

219. Whether *Pope Alexander* the 6th. was not rightly served, while himself was *poysoned* with the *first draught of that Cup*, which he and his complices had prepared to poyson others?

220. Whether *Cæsar Borgia* his Son, the Duke of *Florens*, among all

the *plots* laid by him and his *crafty Secretary, Matchiavil*, committed not a *foul error*, in not thinking of, and providing for a *surprize by death*? and whether himself did not see it, and repent of it, when it was *too late*, as the History of his life witnesseth?

### XXIII. DECAD.

221. Whether much credit be to be given to the Popish Editions; of *Ambrose, Chrysostom, Jerom, Augustine*, and all the rest of the *Greek and Latin Fathers*, (whose Authorities they urge so much upon us) since their *Index expurgatorius*, hath been in use? and whether many of their Schoolmen, which they so much boast of, do not abound more with nice and needless distinctions, than sound Divinity?

222. Whether *Popery*, spreading so greatly as it doth in all parts of the world, it be not a foul shame for Protestants to be so divided, and thereby weakned

weakened among themselves? and whether it be not matter of sport, even to *Satan* himself, to see what *irreconcilable differences* and *animosities* still continue among them?

223. Whether God will long *bear* it at the hands of his *own Children*, thus in his sight and presence to *quarrel*, fall out and fight with each other? and whether, when nothing else will *quiet* and *reconcile* them, the *Rod* shall not? 1 *Cor.* 3. 3. & 11. 18.

224. Whether since *Grace* is the most *uniting Principle* in the very nature of it, and *sin* the most *dividing Principle*, it is not just cause of *wonder*, that the *People of God* of all others, should be so *much divided*, and wicked men so *firmly knit* among themselves? and whether any reason can possibly be given for it, but the *prevalency* of sin on *their part*, and Gods just judgement in permitting it, by way of punishment on *his part*? *Rom.* 16. 17, 18. 1 *Cor.* 6. 1, to 9.

225. Whe-

225. Whether those *Scholars* are not great *wasters* and *abusers* of their *time* and *studies*, who take much pains to get all manner of Learning, except the knowledge of the *Bible* and their *own hearts* ?

226. Whether a Believers *habitation*, be not of all others, the most *stately* ? and whether it be not seated in the *finest air*, and with advantage of the *bravest Prospect* ? *Psal.* 90. 1. & 91. 1, 9. 1 *Job.* 4. 16. *Heb.* 11. 16.

227. Whether it be *worth the while* to live, unless it be to answer the ends of our *Creation*, and to be *fit to dye* ? and whether *Water-men*, *Marriners*, and all that travel by *Sea*, have not as *much reason* as any, to be provided for death every moment ? *Jam.* 4. 14. *Job* 9. 25, 26. *Psal.* 39. 4, 5, 6. & 90. 4, to 13. *Iob* 14. 14.

228. Whether the *leaves* of *Trees*, that fall so fast in *Autumn*, and the sight of a flourishing *Garden*, deprived of all or most of its fair *Flowers*,  
that

that stood there but an hour before, are not lively Emblems of mans mortality, and the suddenness of his remove *by death*, especially in times of great sicknesses, and *Epidemical diseases*? *Psal.* 39. 10, 11. & 90. 5, 6. & 103. 15, 16. *Iob* 13. 25. *Esa.* 64. 6.

229. Whether among those that attend at *Funeral solemnities*, there be one of *twenty* usually, that make the *sad occasion* of their appearance there, the *subject* of their own thoughts, or the *matter* of their discourse with others? and whether this be not an argument of a *common*, and *very great insensibleness* among men, of the *strokes* of God upon them, and the *hardness* of their hearts under them?

230. Whether the *highest Angels*, & the *lowest worms*, are not *fellow-creatures*? & whether there be not an *infinite distance*, as well between God and the *highest* creatures, as between him & the *lowest*? and whether the consideration thereof, should not make poor  
mor-

mortals, even the greatest that are, to walk humbly towards God? *Iob* 42. 5, 6. *Esa.* 6. 2. *Iob* 15. 14, 15, 16.

#### XXIV. DECAD.

231. Whether a clear and full sight of God, be not the only way for a man to come to the right knowledge of himself? and whether *this*, of all things else, is not *most* to be desired, and speedily sought for by him? *Job* 42. 5, 6. *Psal.* 139. 1, to 18.

232. Whether they that bear the most *eminent testimonies* for Christ upon earth, shall not bear the *biggest palms* in their hands, and stand *nearest* his Throne in Heaven? *Rev.* 7. 9, to 17.

233. Whether it be likely, that they will ever be *convinced* of the *evil* of those actions, which being *once done*, they are resolved to justify, and instead of amending, *recriminate* upon others? and whether it be not a most *deplorable thing*, that bitter exasperations, and mutual accusations of *this nature*, should be found among  
the



the differing parties of Gods *own People*, in times wherein all had need to seek peace *with God* and *among themselves*, and do their utmost, by a *meek healing spirit*, to make up all breaches?

1 Cor. 3. 3, 4. Gal. 5. 10, to 16. & 6.

1, 2. 1 Thes. 4. 9, 10, 11. Eph. 4.

2, 3.

234. Whether God doth not *touch the heart first*, with his powerful *magnetick Love*, before it ever *moves* or *can move* in the least towards him? and whether the *eye* of Christ, did not *first spy* *Zacheus* in the Sycomore-tree, *Nathaniel* under the Fig-tree, and *Mary* in the Garden, before ever they *spied him*? 1 Joh. 4. 19. Hos. 11. 4. Luk. 19. 5. Ioh. 1. 48. & 20. 13, 14, 15, 16.

235. Whether those comforts that fail in the *dryed streams*, as in the loss of *Husbands, Wives, Parents, Children*, all other neer and dear Relations, Friends and Estates, with whatever else is of like nature, *can be made up*

up any where, so well as in and by the *Original Fountain* of them all, *God himself?* and whether it be not the *greatest wisdom when all is done*, to hasten thither with all possible speed that may be? *Iob* 6. 15. & 19. 13, to 20. *Prov.* 23. 5. *Habak.* 3. 17, 18, 19. *Psal.* 36. 9, 10.

236. Whether to make an *absolute, free and full resignation* of ones self, and all that one hath, to the *Will* of God, to be disposed of as *he pleaseth*, be not the only way to give him the *Glory of his Soveraingnty?* and whether to *do or suffer* any thing for him, with a *willing and cheerful* heart, doth not argue *much Grace*, and is not to be accounted an *high Honour?* 2 *Sam.* 15. 25, 26. *Psal.* 40. 7, 8. *Mat.* 26. 39, 40.

237. Whether they that follow Christ in good earnest, do not *deny* themselves, and take up *their Cross daily?* and whether they are not in mind *always resolved*, ready and prepared, to part with *House, Land, Revenues,*

*nues, Estate, Liberty, and Life too, if called for, rather than forsake Christ? Mat. 4. 20. & 16. 24, 25. Mark 10. 29, 30.*

238. Whether every *Promise, Prophesie, and Threatning* in Gods Word, hath not hitherto been *most punctually performed*, in the due season of it, in all former ages, even to a *tittle*? and whether there be any the *least* reason to doubt, that what is not yet accomplished, shall be when the *fit time* is come? *Gen. 48. 15, 16. Exod. 12. 41, 42. Micah 7. 20. 1 King. 13. 1, to 6. compared with, 2 King. 23. 4, to 9. Gal. 4. 4. Eph. 1. 10. Mat. 5. 18.*

239. Whether those that have escaped from *dangerous diseases*, long and wasting *sicknesses*, or *death* it self, when they were without *all hope* or *expectation* of recovery, are not in all likelihood, reserved for some *great good or evil*? and whether it be not a *duty incumbent* on them, to *consider* much of it, and *lay it to heart*? *Esa. 38. throughout.*

240. Whe-

240. Whether Physitians , of all others, have not the *best opportunities*, sometimes to deal effectually with the *souls* of their sick, or dying Patients , about the *matters of eternity*, if they have but the *heart and the skill* to do it ? and whether God doth not *expect* they should *improve* this advantage *for him*, as well as for themselves and their Patients ?

## XXV. DECAD.

241. Whether the *guilt* of very many of the sins, both in *City* and *Country*, be it drunkenness, uncleanness , swearing , Sabbath-breaking , and whatever else is of like kind, doth not lye at the Magistrates door, unless he put forth the utmost Power that God hath given him , to punish and reform them ? and whether God ever intended that he should *wear his sword in vain* ? *Rom. 13. 1, to 8.*

242. Whether *naked breasts* and *black spots*, do not argue *foul hearts* ?  
and

and whether the *Ladies* that use them, would be willing to appear in *such a dress at the day of Judgement*? or may not meet with sore rebukes here also, as the daughters of *Zion* did, in *Esa.* 3. from v. 16, to 25.

243. Whether *wanton looks, wanton guarbs, wanton words, and wanton books*, be not the *Devils snares* to catch, and the *Devils poysons* to viti-ate and deprave hearts? and whether all manner of *unlawful sports and games*, do not *insensibly* undo thousands here, and then before they are aware of it, *trapan them into Hell*, out of which there is no recovery? *Esa.* 3. 16, to 25. *Rom.* 13. 13. *Gal.* 5. 19. *Eph.* 4. 19. 1 *Pet.* 4. 3, 4. *Job* 21. 12, 13.

244. Whether *false wares, false weights, false lights, false measures, and false asseverations*, are not too frequent in *Trades-mens shops*? and whether the gain that comes in that way, lyes not under an *eating*, (though hap-  
P
ly

ly at the present an undiscerned )  
*curse?* *Prov.* 11. 1. & 12. 22. *Micah*  
 6. 10, 11, 12.

245. Whether *nature* will not be  
 content with *little*, and *Grace* with  
*less?* and whether a *Righteous mans*  
*little*, be not more than a *wicked mans*  
*much?* *1 Tim.* 6. 6. *Prov.* 15. 16, 17.  
 & 16. 8.

246. Whether Believers have not  
*possession* of Heaven already, since  
 their *Head* is there? and whether  
 Christ be not gone thither before  
 hand, as a Messenger or *Harbinger*,  
 to trim up the *Lodgings appointed* for  
 them, and to secure them for them,  
 till they come *themselves?* *Joh.* 14. 2.  
*Heb.* 6. 20.

247. Whether the soul be not a  
 glorious *Bride*, when once Christ is  
 become its *Bridegroom*; especially  
 since he marries it not in its *own*  
*clothes*, but such as are fitted for it,  
 out of the *Wardrobes of Heaven?*  
*Mat.* 25. 10. *Esa.* 61. 10. *Rev.* 21. 2.

248. Whe-



248. Whether she be not the most *amiable Virgin*, and will not make the *sweetest Wife*, that hath Christ lying as an *handful of Myrrh* continually *between her breasts*? *Cant.* 1. 13. & 5. 4, 5.

249. Whether early and *young Saints*, are not as *acceptable* to God, as *rare* and *choice fruits*, set ripe on a Princes board some weeks before the *ordinary seasons* of them? *Jer.* 2. 2. *Eccles.* 12. 1.

250. Whether a Believer, *brightly shined* on by the light of Gods *pleased countenance*, and at the same time giving out the *lusters* of his *inherent graces* to standers-by, be not a *rich Diamond* that *sparkles* in the midst of *Sunbeams*? *Psal.* 31. 16. & 110. 3. *Mat.* 5. 16. *Phil.* 2. 15.

## XXVI. DECAD.

251. Whether the People of God are not his *Jewels*? *Mal.* 3. 17. yea, his *Crown*, his *glorious Crown*, and *Roy-*

*al Diadem? Eſa. 62. 3. yea, his Crown-Jewels? Zach. 9. 16. and whether he will ſuffer theſe his Jewels to lye long in the dirt, or this his Crown to be alwayes trodden under the feet of his enemies?*

252. Whether God having *freely* and moſt *ſtrongly* tyed himſelf to his People, both by his *Word*, his *Promise* and his *Oath* (ſuch a threefold knot, as there is none like to it). be not *greatly injured* by ſuch as diſbelieve, or make *queſtion* in the leaſt of his *performances*? *Heb. 3. 12. & 6. 16, 17, 18, 19. Mat. 13. 58.*

253. Whether holy Meditations do not dwell on the very Hill of *Frankincenſe*, and on the Mount of *Spices*? & whether every *buſie thought*, like the nimble honey-Bee, doth not paſs from *bloſſom to bloſſom*, from *flower to flower*, that is, from one *Promise* to another, from one *Providence* to another, and ſo through the variety of all ſorts of pleaſant ſubjects, and

*gather sweetness*, till it hath filled its whole Hive (the heart) with the *purest honey*? *Psal.* 104. 34. & *Psal.* 94. 19.

254. Whether *frequent* and *faithful examinations* of ones inward state, and how things stand *between God and the soul*, be not a most *necessary* and *important duty*? and whether *this*, of all things else, ought not to be most *diligently minded*, whatever else be neglected? *Psal.* 4. 4. 2 *Cor.* 13. 5.

255. Whether *Apostatizers*, *Time-servers*, and all such as shamefully *desert* their formerly received *sound Principles* and *holy Practices*, do not consult destruction to themselves, and run the *hazzard* of those *fore curses*, mentioned in, *Deut.* 29. 21?

256. Whether he that *abounds* altogether in his *own sense*; accounts whatever *himself affirms* to be as *authentick* as some *divine Oracle*; is *angry with*, and severely *cenforious* of; those that do not, or cannot forsake their *own Principles* as *all false*, and embrace

*his is all Truth*, be not guilty, at least, of the *suspicion of Pride*? or whether he be not a kind of *little Pope*, that pretends to *infallibility*, whilst perhaps under *strong delusion*? and whether such an one be not rather to be *neglected*, than *disputed* with? *Jam.* 1. 12. *Prov.* 21. 24. 2 *Thess.* 2. 10, 11.

257. Whether evil thoughts are not the *spawns* of sin, and evil words and actions the *products* of those *spawns*? and whether *Cockatrices eggs*, while *hatched* by *Cockatrices*, will not bring forth their *own kind*? *Mat.* 12. 33, to 38. & 15. 18, 19, 20. *Esa.* 59. 4, 5.

258. Whether every man ought not to be very careful what *objects* he *fixeth his eye* and *his heart upon*? and whether God be not *King of hearts*, and deserves not that every man should give him (not a part only but) his *whole heart*? and whether he that doth this, doth not take the *wisest course*, to make the *worst part* of

of himself to become the *best*? *Iob* 31.  
1. *Psal.* 62. 10. *Prov.* 23. 26. *Ezek.*  
36. 26.

259. Whether being imposed upon, in *matters of Conscience*, where Christ hath left it free, be not as *grievous* and *intollerable* from *one sort* of men as from *another*? and whether, if there be any difference, it be not *most intollerable* from those that are, or have been, or at least pretend to be *Brethren*?

260. Whether the *right stating* and *granting* of true Christian liberty, so as to prevent *licentious extravagances* on the one hand, and *unjust severity* on the other hand, would not be *most satisfactory* to all peaceably-minded good men? and whether till this can be done, it be not *best* for every one to think it possible, that he may be under *some mistakes as well as his dissenting Brethren*, and so resolve to *allow* and *receive* a mutual freedom in following their *respective light*, and

exercising a friendly familiarity, and hearty love towards one another? *Gal. 5. 1. Eph. 4. 2, 3. 1 Thess. 4. 9. Heb. 13. 1. 2 Pet. 1. 7.*

## XXVII. DECADE.

261. Whether the most *exact platform* of the *purest Church*, both for Doctrine, Worship, and Discipline, ought not to be the *constant Rule, Standard, and Pattern* to all the rest? and whether such a platform can be given by *any, but God himself*; or is to be *looked for*, or can be found *any where* else, but in the *Word of God*, and in that only? *Exod. 25. 40. Heb. 8. 5. & 9. 23.*

262. Whether some Churches may not, as to *essentials*, be true Churches, though *very corrupt*, and so be far from *conformity* to their true Pattern, (as a *leprous man* is a true man, notwithstanding his Leprosie?) but whether it be not the *duty* of every such Church, to endeavour to their



utmost, the *neerest agreement attainable* to the pattern aforelaid? *Rev.* 22. 18, 19. *Phil.* 3. 17.

263. *Whether* in case *such Churches*, as are now last mentioned, do not profess they ought, or do not visibly intend and endeavour in good earnest, with *all their* might, to be every way like their *Original Pattern*, both in Doctrine, Worship, and Discipline; it be not the *duty* of every one that would live and dye with a *clear* and *quiet conscience*, to *come out* from among such Churches, and joyn with those that come neerest the said *Original Pattern*? and whether this kind of *separation*, even from *true Churches thus corrupted*, and willing to continue so, be not as *justifiable* as separation from a *false Church*? yea, and whether *such a separation* as this, be not so far from being *blame-worthy*, that it is *absolutely necessary*, and must be *performed*, by all that desire to become *Gods People*, and would have him

him dwell among them? 2 Cor. 6. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.

264. Whether the great noyse and cry that is abroad in the world against *separation*, would not be much silenced, if once the above-mentioned Rule and Standard of the first pure Churches in the Scripture, were every where agreed to, admitted, and observed? and whether in the mean time, the Papists do not think they have as much reason to account Protestants to be Separatists, as several parties of Protestants do account each other?

265. Whether the sight of any person or persons, that are very poor, beggarly, hungry, ragged, naked, wounded, maimed, diseased, deformed, or any way miserable, should not both occasion pitty in us towards them, and excite us, as we are able, to comfort and relieve them; but also cause us to lift up thankful hearts, that we are not in their case? 1 Cor. 4. 6, 7.

266. Whether all that Trade in  
Vi-

*Victualling*, as *Cooks*, *Vintners*, *Drawers* of *Ale* or *Beer*, and such like, do not put the poyson of a *Curse* into their own *dishes* and *Cups*, while they so greatly contribute to the sinful waste of the good *Creatures* of God, in supplying their gluttonous and drunken *Guests* with whatever they call for, till they become no better than *brutes* in *disgorging* themselves, and casting out their *filthy vomits*? *Esa.* 28. 3, 8.

267. Whether *sanctification* of *Sabbaths*, a right and holy participation of *Sacraments*, diligent reading and hearing of the *Word of God*, heavenly *Conference*, and other the like Duties, are not alwayes *prized*, attended upon, and practiced more or less, according to the *measure of Grace* received by any? and whether the *want of delight* in them, or the accounting them a *burden* rather, be not an ill sign of an *evil heart*? *Esa.* 58. 13. *Mal.* 3. 16. *1 Cor.* 11. 23, to 30. *1 Jam.* 1. 21, to 26. also, *Mal.* 1. 12, 13. *Amos* 8. 5.

268. Whe-

268. Whether a Believers, both *Life and Treasure*, doth not lye *hidden* and *out of sight* to the world, even as the roots of fruitful Trees lye under *ground*, and as gold and silver Mines run in the *bowels of the earth* undiscerned and unthought of, by them that walk upon it? *Colos. 3. 3, 4. Eph. 3. 8, 9.*

269. Whether in long and lingering sicknesses, especially if accompanied with *much pain* and *anguish*, a patient *acquiescency* under the hand of God, a *submissive acceptance* of the punishment of ones iniquity therein, and a cheerful satisfaction in the *Will* of God, who is pleased thus to use his Rod, be not an argument of a *gracious frame of heart*, and of a *sanctified improvement* of the affliction? and whether the *contrary frame* of spirit, doth not produce *contrary effects*? *Rom. 5. 3, 4. & 15. 4, 5. Colos. 1. 11. 2 Thess. 1. 3. 2 Thess. 1. 4. Heb. 6. 12. Jam. 1. 3, 4. & 5, 10, 11. Levit. 26. 41. Job*

*Job* 1. 21, 22. & 2. 10. also, *Esa.* 51. 20. *Jonah* 4. 9.

270. Whether the *education* of *Youth*, be not a *weighty business*, a *great trust*, and a work that requires *much care and diligence*, *wisdom and skill* to manage it? whether it be not an *eminent service* (when well done) to *Church and State*, yea and to *Christ himself* too? and whether all *Parents* and *Guardians* of *Children*, *Tutors* in *Universities*, *School-Masters* and *School-Mistresses*, ought not to be earnest with *God in Prayer*, for his constant *assistance*, and their comfortable *success* therein? *Prov.* 22. 6. *Eph.* 6. 4. *1 Sam.* 19. 20.

---

### Three concluding Quæries.

1. **V**Hether *Peter, Paul, and Barnabas* in their times ; *Polycarpus, Ignatius, Tertullian, Cyprian, Athanasius*, in their times ; *Ambrose, Chrysostome, Augustine*, in their times ; our *Guildas* among the antient *Britains* ; our English *Wickliffe, and Tindal, Oecolampadius, Martin Luther, Philip Melancthon, John Calvin, Beza*, and the rest of the most famous, both *German, and French-Divines*, in their respective ages ; yea, and whether *John Knox, John Reynolds, Jewel, the Rogerses*, our late *Golden-mouth'd Preston, Sibbs*, Reverend *Usher*, and thousands more, the choicest and most successful Ministers of the Gospel, did ever blunt their own Holy Zeal, dispirit their own frequent Preaching, and cool the hearts of their Hearers, with reading every word from their written papers, and so turn their Sermons into Homilies ? and whether, though in some cases, to some persons, some little use of notes may be allowable, and convenient, yea, perhaps necessary ; yet the constant and total use of them by others ( as is practised by too many in this our present age ) doth not argue laziness, or an over-affected niceness and



and *curiosity* in words and language, rather than such a *Passionate desire* of saving souls, as becomes the *faithful Ministers* of the Gospel? and lastly, whether it be likely, that those who *accustom* themselves to this way of *reading*, rather than *Preaching Sermons*, while they are *young*, and their memories as well as other parts be *quick and nimble*, will leave it when they are *old*, or will be ever able to preach in the *dark*, or when their sight growes dim?

2. Whether the Apostle *Paul* by his command of *doing all things decently and in order*, *1 Cor. 14. 40.* intended any more than the doing of all those things only, which God by him his *Pen-man* had *commanded* and positively set down, and in the *self-same* order and holy Method too, which he also had *plainly and fully* expressed? *1 Cor. 11. 34.* and *16. 1, 2. Colos. 2. 5.* and whether it can be *reasonably imagined*, that *Paul* gave authority to *Titus*, (*Chap. 1. 5.*) to *invent* or *adde* any the *least circumstance* for matter or manner, in or about the *Worship* of God in *Crete*, more then what he had formerly *appointed*, and himself *Practiced* elsewhere? and lastly, whether the Prohibition of the Apostle, in *Coloss. 2.* from *ver. 8.* to the end, *That none should be subject to Ordinances*, according to the *Commandments*

*ments and doctrines of men in Will-worship,* doth not extend to all following times, and all future Churches of Christ.

3. Whether he that *diligently* reads and considers the 6th and 7th Chapters of the *Acts* of the Apostles, will not find, That the *only* occasion of Stephen the Proto-Martyr, being *accused* of *Blasphemy* and *stoned* to death, was his *bold* and *resolute* defence of the *spiritual Worship* brought in by Christ, in opposition to the *Jewish Rites and Ceremonies*, which though appointed by God himself at first, yet *now* are out of date & useless? and whether this very thing was not one of those *pretended Crimes*, that Christ himself was arraigned for in the *High Priests Hall*? as appears in, *Mat. 26. 57, to 69.* compared with, *Joh. 4. 19, to 27.* and whether a *good cause* with a mans *own innocency* in the sight of God and his own conscience, be not one *great support* to him under the *severest censures*, and *sharpest sufferings* he can meet with from *this world*?

F I N I S.



